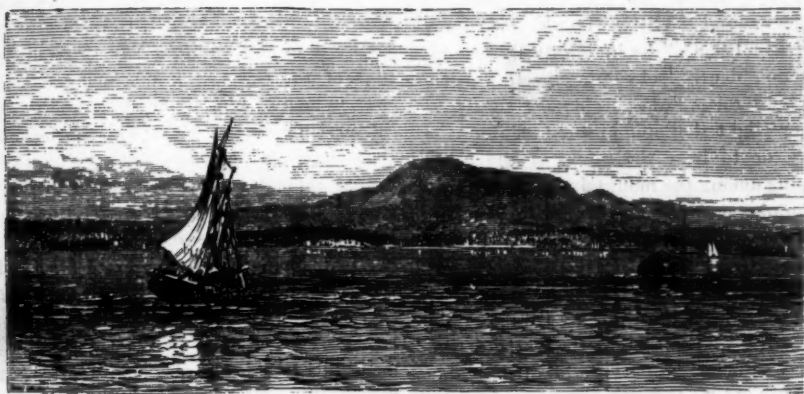


# NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1878.

MOUNT DESERT.



MOUNT DESERT, FROM BLUE HILL BAY.

IT would seem to be little more than a truism to assert that the love of nature is natural to mankind, and yet the history of the race will scarcely justify the conclusion. That highest form of natural beauty, a properly varied landscape, is, to the cultured mind, the most beautiful of objects, and yet for the savage or the rustic these things go for almost nothing. And still more strange is the fact that even the literature and the art-productions of many times and peoples indicate an almost total obliviousness of the beauties of nature. To this censure the old Hebrew literature forms a notable exception, and so, too, in a less degree does the Greek, and especially in its earlier poetry, while the art productions of that people, setting out with nature for a model, passed off by excessive refinement, into much of the artificial and the unnatural. But, happily, in our day, the public taste inclines decidedly and almost passion-

ately toward natural forms and combinations. We are getting nearer to nature's heart, and the result is, to a high degree, wholesome.

It is remarkable, that for ages some of the finest scenery in the world, and parts which in our own day have become renowned among all cultivated people, remained almost entirely unnoticed and quite unappreciated, till, in each case, some master genius uncovered its beauties to the admiring gaze of men. The visitor to the Scottish lakes is reminded that before the publication of "The Lady of the Lake" those now celebrated waters were without any special reputation for either grandeur or beauty. Eus-tace, in his "Classical Tour," remarks that Scott *made* the lakes; for, he asks, speaking of that exquisite idyllic legend, "Who ever heard of Loch Katrine till the minstrel had peopled its lovely isle with phantoms of valor and beauty?" The completeness of

the transformation effected is obvious to every one who now visits that locality, where all the scenes and persons of the poet's creative genius appear in strange reality. Not even the splash of the steamer's wheels, nor its shrill whistle awakening the echoes among the cairns and quarries of those classical hills, nor yet the tunneling of the mountain, to make a way for the limpid waters of Loch Katrine to flow to Glasgow and the Clyde, have availed to dispel the glamour which the genius of poesy has shed over them. As the tourist sees his steamer round the little isle, which is known only as "Ellen's," he involuntarily and almost confidently looks out, expecting to see her light robes fluttering among the trees, or her "light shallop" pushing off from the shore, or to hear the sound of the bugle echoing among the mountains. So, too, the mountains and lakes of England's Cumberland and Westmoreland are not as natural objects discoveries of modern days; but rather the scenes of varied and romantic stories of the olden times. But not till these wild regions became known to the world as the home of the "Lake Poets" did all the sight-seeing world flock thither, as on a pilgrimage. So in our own country, Campbell's "Gertrude," and not Brandt's "Massacre," has given renown to Wyoming; and the genius of Irving and Cooper and Drake has made the banks of the Hudson a classical region. A genius of quite another character has sent thousands of Summer tourists to the Adirondacks; and still others have done a like service for many of the nooks and corners of the New England coast. Of one of these localities we are now to write.

When the French voyager, Champlain, conferred upon the island of Mount Desert the name that it has since borne, he must have used its descriptive title as a general designation of the savage severity of its aspect, rather than as describing it as a barren and sandy waste. It certainly does not come within the description of "antres vast and deserts idle;" but, rather, in Shakespeare's phrase, it has its

"Rough quarries, rocks and hills, whose heads touch heaven."

The name of *Eden*, given to one of its civil divisions, may not be altogether inappropriate, though much even of that township would have given to the original gardener some pretty severe labor. But whatever else it may possess or lack, it is quite certain that that grand and rugged island possesses, to an unusual degree, those elements and conditions that serve to gratify the tastes of the true lovers of nature, whether of beauty or of grandeur.

Geographically, Mount Desert is an off-lying fragment of the State of Maine, cast in the form of a misshapen horseshoe, situated eastward from Penobscot Bay, just in the edge of the ocean, and displacing the sea over an area of nine by fourteen miles. At some remote period, perhaps about the time that Darwin's ancestors were losing their caudal appendages, and beginning to move chiefly upon their lower extremities, the earth in these parts experienced a shaking by which its layers became displaced, and some of its parts got so lifted up that they were unable to regain their former level. The learned geologists who have made this island a special field for their investigations, and who have also used it as a convenient model in their object teaching, tell us that during the glacial period the ice stood above these mountains, and, in its motions, ground and ground and polished these rocks, which, by their hardness, however, effectually resisted these corrosions.

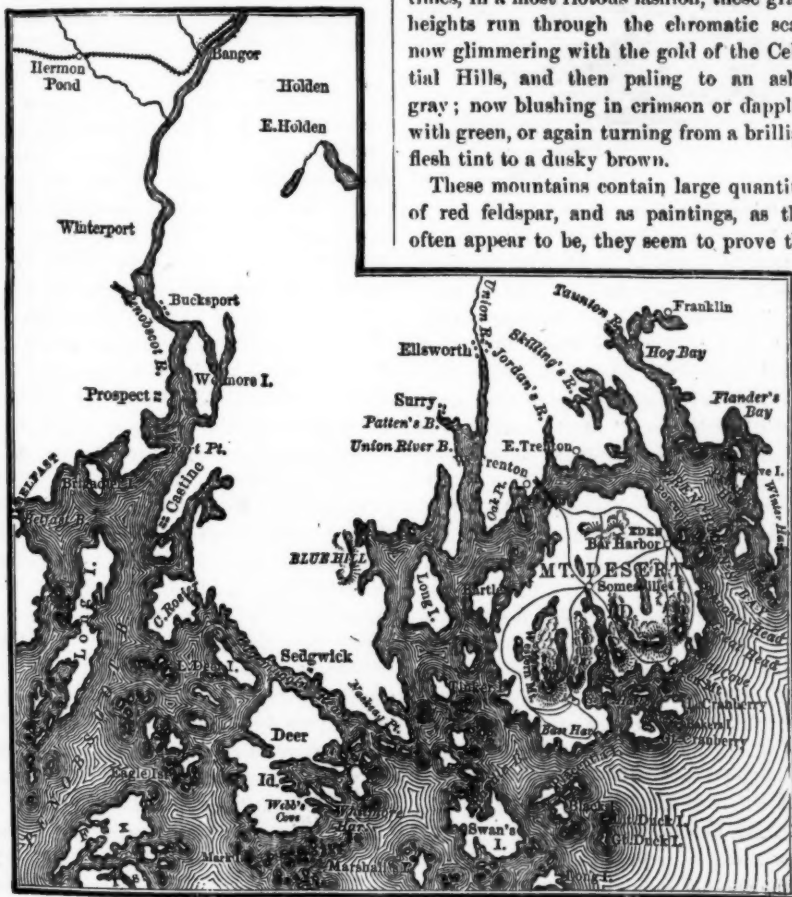
But before going too far in our descriptions of the famous island, it may be well to inform the reader how it may be reached from some one or more of the great cities of New England, Boston or Portland.

From Boston the tourist may go by any one of several routes. He may choose all land or all water, or a part of each. The selection may include the railroad to Bangor, and the stage thence, *via* Trenton; or it may be by steamer from Boston to Portland, changing there to the Mount Desert steamer, touching at Rockland; or, he may go by the rail to Portland; or, finally, he may take rail direct to Rockland, and go by the new route through Fox Thoroughfare. The latter is the "inside" route, while that by Port-

land is the "outside." Those who would avoid a night at sea may take the latter, which, however, like the new route, affords views of Penobscot Bay by daylight. This splendid bay is plentifully studded with sea-side resorts, and it possesses many fine sights, including the Camden Mountains. The steamer leaves Portland at ten P. M., and reaches Rockland in about six hours. Then, taking the wings of the morning, the sinuous course is held through the bay, a detour being made to Castine, where the romantic Baron Castine, in the old French days, maintained savage state in his castle with his Indian wife. From Castine the route lies through Eggemoggin Reach.

The regular Rockland steamer does not leave her pier until the arrival of the Boston train, at about eleven o'clock in the morning, when the pilot steers through Fox Island "thoroughfare," shortening the distance sixteen miles, to Bass Harbor Head, Mount Desert, where the two routes join and run on together to Bad Harbor and South-west Harbor. On approaching Mount Desert from Blue Hill Bay, the thunder-smitten pile is seen, changing its character with the hour and the weather; in some states of the atmosphere, looming up grandly, and, at other times appearing as though on the point of sinking into the sea. The change of color and shading is also quite remarkable. At times, in a most riotous fashion, these grand heights run through the chromatic scale, now glimmering with the gold of the Celestial Hills, and then paling to an ashen gray; now blushing in crimson or dappling with green, or again turning from a brilliant flesh tint to a dusky brown.

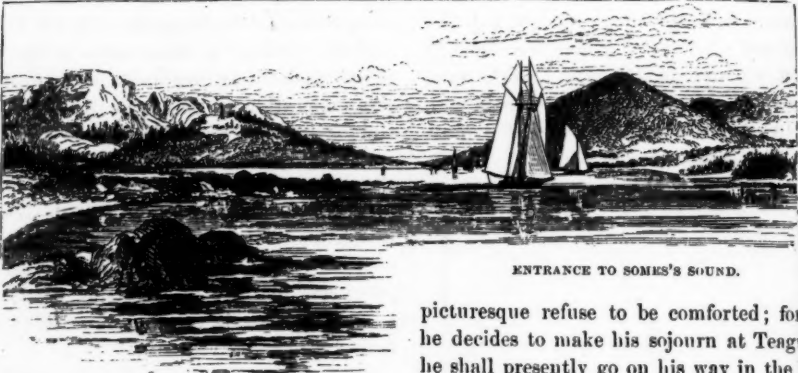
These mountains contain large quantities of red feldspar, and as paintings, as they often appear to be, they seem to prove that



MAP OF MOUNT DESERT ISLAND.

the artist wrought with a very free use of his colors. Seen at the wrong time, the intending visitor is warned that they may appear dull and uninteresting. It will certainly be so if he should go through Penobscot Bay in a dense fog, and so not see them at all. Again, though the skies should prove radiant, it would not help his estimate if he were afflicted with the *mal-de-mer*.

like the mountains, run through the chromatic scale from green to red. The deputy from the hotels is ready for you with his chariot, while the lobster-boiler's hand-maidens thrust their delicately frizzled heads from the upper windows, and greet you with a fine critical stare. There is little in all this specially to gratify the sense of the beautiful, yet let not the searcher after the



ENTRANCE TO SOMES'S SOUND.

Mountains, like men, must be judged at their best. Champlain tells us how they appeared to him when coming to the south of the Isle au Haut; the navigator, he says, "sees eight or nine notches." And again, that Mount Desert is "very high, high and notched, appearing from the sea like what seems to be seven or eight mountains on a line with each other." If he had been a Spaniard, he would no doubt have called them "Sierras."

The approach to South-west Harbor—just now made famous by reason of the mysterious presence of the *Cimbria*—is very fine, as all these ranges are seen to great advantage. But when the steamer enters the harbor they hide their kingly heads, and upon reaching the pier scarcely any thing is to be seen except the lobster-boiling establishments. To the nose of the epicure devoted to his salads, by a vigorous stretch of the imagination, the odors may seem savory. On the wharf huge piles of wriggling crustaceans are seen, such of them as may be able to come to sufficiently close quarters with one another indulging in a scrimmage, while waiting to be weighed, boiled, and,

picturesque refuse to be comforted; for if he decides to make his sojourn at Tague's he shall presently go on his way in the Venetian style, by water, as one in the city of canals glides to his hotel in a gondola. If, however, more wisely he chooses the "Prospect," he may, from its piazzas and towers, recover the views which he had lost, and be able at his leisure to inspect the beauties of Somes's Sound, an inlet seven miles long, which cleaves the island well-nigh in twain. From this point the mountain ranges sweep around in a semicircle to the eastward. Whoever wishes to know Mount Desert must expect to spend two or three weeks there, as this side of the island can not be explored conveniently from Bar Harbor. Perhaps, however, the visitor will prefer to make the acquaintance of that side of the island first. If so, he will remain on board, and steam around to the east side. On the way he will have a fine view up Somes's Sound, pass the splendid cliffs at Otter Cove, and see Great Head, the finest headland on our part of the American coast. Here Newport Mountain lifts up its craggy brow.

Bar Harbor is situated upon what, from the water, appears like a plain at the foot of the hills. The ground, however, is somewhat elevated, and it is now interspersed



with cottages and hotels. The wharf is crowded with people assembled to view the new-comers. As the visitor scans the romantic prospect stretched out on every hand, and remembers that it was God who made the country, he may also be gratified by perceiving that man is doing what he can to improve the town. The Bar Harbor of the olden times is no more, and instead of a single poor little inn, offering entertainment for "man and beast," one finds a liberal choice of modern hotels. There is no longer any question whether it is the man or the beast that gets the better bargain; and on cold, foggy days the handsome parlors of the great caravanary obviate the necessity of crowding the cook in the kitchen.

And now the reader having become somewhat interested in the place, may desire to know something of its history. Omitting any reference to the old Scandinavian Vikings and their doings along this coast, of which a whole book full could be written, we begin with our modern history. This entire region was visited in 1524 by the Italian navigator, Giovanni da Verrazano, who explored the coast in the service of Francis I. Verrazano, in his letter to the king, gives the earliest description of the coast now known, which he not inaptly compared to the fringed and broken coast of Illyria and Dalmatia. Mount Desert, lifting itself up from afar, must have attracted his notice. Next year the Portuguese pilot, Estevan Gomez, in the service of the King of Spain, explored the coast, and for a long period the territory bore the name of the "Land of Gomez." In 1542-3 Allefonsce, the navigator of La Rochelle, passed the island. The Basques and Bretons regularly visited the coast towards the end of the sixteenth century. In 1604 Champlain saw the island, and gave it the name which it now bears, and which it will bear to the end of time—Mont Desert. The next visitor was the renowned Englishman, Henry Hudson, generally described as Hendrick, the Dutchman, because he was sailing under the Dutch flag. In the *Half Moon* he had attempted to sail to India by the north-west, but finding that passage barred by ice,

shaped his course more southward, and "discovered" the river seen by Verrazano and Gomez, and mapped by Ribero in 1529. It is clear that he entered *Somes's Sound*, and his conduct while there can not be related to his credit. In order to possess himself of the furs of the Indians he took "twelve men and muskets, and two stone pieces, or *murderers*, and drave the savages from their houses and took the spoyle of them." His were the first cannon, well described as "*murderers*," that are known to have called up the echoes of Eagle Cliff and Mount Mansell. In such transactions we find the beginnings of our "Indian policy," among the last chapters of which are the records of the story of Captain Jack and the massacre of Custer and his command. This is one of the less commonly noticed chapters in the history of Mount Desert, or the life of Hendrick Hudson. After shipping a new foremast from the forests of the rugged hills which once boasted many a pine, like that described by Milton,

"Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
Of some great admiral,"

Hudson sailed on his way to explore the river which bears his name, and at whose mouth were afterwards laid the foundations of New Amsterdam.

In 1613, the French undertook their colony at Mount Desert, which was intended as a base of missionary operations amongst the Indians. The French missions in North America are the one redeeming fact in the history of the intercourse of the Europeans with the native races. Like those in Canada, the missionaries to Maine came from Port-Royal. They landed either at Bar Harbor or North-east Harbor, it is uncertain which, and called their establishment "*Saint Sauveur*." Here they set up the cross, and sang the mass, and soon after removed to Fernald's Point in *Somes's Sound*. Their religion, however, did not keep them from quarreling; but just as they appeared to be on the point of hard knocks, Argall, the Englishman, hove in sight, his ship having fourteen guns and sixty men. The French vessel lay at anchor, the most of the crew being ashore, and thus she became an easy

prey. Argall swept down with flying flags and beating drums, accomplishing his work, like Hudson near the same spot, by a sudden discharge of cannon and musketry. Several of the French were killed, and Du Thet, a Jesuit lay brother, fell mortally wounded while sighting a gun. In the end, part of the French were carried to Virginia, and the rest sent to Nova Scotia in an open boat. Thus ended the attempt of the French to colonize Mount Desert. Before the attack, they argued that Providence intended that they should settle there, for the reason that

to-day. In 1786 the "great and general court" at Boston confirmed her claim, in which she was supported by the renowned La Fayette. Madame Gregoire sold land for a dollar an acre, and died with a belt of gold around her body. Madame dwelt with her husband very much alone; Monsieur chiefly cultivating the acquaintance of a French priest and a very red nose. With this couple ended the French *régime* at Mount Desert. The English colonists, chiefly from Massachusetts, came in at an early period, and were plain, but honest, frugal,



HEAD OF SOMES'S SOUND.

one of the Fathers worked a "miracle." The question, however, was decided not by a miracle, but by the "strongest battalions." The English confessed their error, nevertheless, by giving up the captured ship in obedience to the demands of the French government. Nor did the French yield their claim to the island; for in 1688 the king gave it to Cadillac, who styled himself "Lord of Don-*aquee* and Mount Desert," and a portion of the island was afterwards held by his granddaughter, Madame Gregoire, who dwelt at Kull's Cove, where her grave may be seen

and persevering, caring more for the land than the landscape, and never dreaming that their rugged home would one day attract tourists from every part of the land.

The story of the French occupation of Mount Desert is a curious and romantic episode in the history of those days,—all the bright glamour of religious zeal somewhat softened by the quietism of Port-Royal, and mingled with a strong smacking of the spirit of adventure that characterized those times. The actors in this drama were largely of the higher circles of French society, and the

monuments of the French occupation of this region are found in the names of the State itself, and those of its river and mountains and cities, and in its local legends. There is also a curious though somewhat apocryphal story, connecting one of the greatest men of France of the next generation with this Island. It has been said, and not without some show of reason, that the famous Talleyrand was born in this island,—the son of a French ship-captain and a fisherman's daughter. It is remembered, as possibly adding to the probability of the story, that in one of his essays the great statesman made "The Fisherman" the special object of his descriptive genius. It is also said that he once quietly visited the island. His treatment in his father's family was peculiar; for it is said that he never slept in his father's house till he was twelve years old, and that he was constantly neglected by his reputed mother. His autobiography, not yet published, may perhaps throw some light upon this strange story.

The island of Mount Desert comprises thirteen mountains, all lying towards its southerly side, with four lakes, and innumerable ponds and brooks and inlets. The mountains slope toward the west, but on the east side they terminate abruptly in tremendous precipices, four of which are reflected in lakes. The highest peak is Green Mountain, fifteen hundred and thirty-five feet above the sea. Standing out in the ocean, the apparent height of these mountains is greatly enhanced. Between these mountains, in the absence of lakes, the tourist finds valleys,

"So deep and straight, that always there  
The wind is cradled to soft air."

The most remarkable of the valleys is that called the "Gorge," or "Notch," resembling that at the White Mountains. The blue sea, now lapsing softly upon the sandy beach, now tumbling upon a shingle shore, or beating against rent, scarred, iron-bound cliffs, encircles all. The variety is marvelous,

comprising mountain and lake scenery, marine and insular views, shady valleys, wild gleus, and pretty pastorals. It is, indeed,



CLIFFS, DOG MOUNTAIN, SOMES'S POINT.

"infinite riches in a little room." Here every taste, peripatetic or sedentary, may be gratified, and, according to his ability or inclination, one may walk, climb, row, sail, fish, geologize, botanize, or explore.

South-west Harbor is the base of operations for the western side. This harbor, as indicated, may possibly disappoint the visitor at first; but at the end of a week, with favorable weather, a life-long attachment may be formed. The harbor itself is spacious, well-sheltered, and smooth, and the Cranberry Islands are near at hand. Somes's Sound will first claim attention. In ascending, the view is not unlike that of the Delaware Water Gap, seen at a distance from the east, while, upon a nearer approach, the prospect has a closer resemblance to the Hudson at the Highlands, Dog Mountain

taking the place of the Crow's Nest, while Mount Mansell rises on the east. The water is so smooth and the scene so peaceful that it has the appearance of an inland lake. Here is seen some great sea-going schooner coming down the sound, sailing "wing-and-wing," while a fishing-smack at anchor or a cottage on the shore from time to time meets the eye. Most persons will desire to land at Fernald Point, the site of the Jesuit Mission, destroyed by Argall in 1613.

A little beyond is Valley Cove, one of the most romantic places in the island, overhung by a grand precipice known as Eagle Cliff, the face of which was never ascended by man, rising as it does almost perpendicularly from the water. It is comparatively inclosed on the land side. A very impressive view of the cliff may be had by sailing under it, while by a flank movement the crest may be reached, though it costs a severe climb.

"Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still. How fearful  
And dizzy 't is to cast one's eyes so low! . . .  
The fishermen that walk upon the beach  
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark  
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy  
Almost too small for sight."

The cliff being so much more elevated than Dover Cliff, which Shakespeare describes, we have less reason to add that the "murmuring surge can not be heard so high;" but, in fact, there is no surge in this quiet bay. On the shore of the cove lay the hulk of a craft, apparently a wreck,

"Docked in the sand,  
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs  
'Token her burial."

Two miles and a half from South-west Harbor, on the western border of Echo Lake, is a similar crag, called Thunder Cliff, splendidly scarred and seamed by the ages, the echo being so perfect that the hoary rocks fling back with equal distinctness a whisper or a discharge of artillery. At the "Lea Wall" may be seen a beach piled with remarkable boulders, shingle on a large scale, which appears as though heaped up by Titans.

A drive across the island to Bar Harbor affords other views of the mountain. Bar

Harbor itself takes its name from a sand-bar connecting Bar Island with Mount Desert at low water, and furnishing ample opportunities for the collection of marine *algæ*. The rise and fall of the tide makes a wonderful change in the aspect of the place:

"For with the flow and ebb its style  
Varies from continent to isle;  
Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day  
The pilgrims to the shrine find way;  
Twice every day the waves efface  
Of staves and sandaled feet the trace."

Thus it was at Lindisfarne, or St. Cuthbert, the semi-isle of the Venerable Bede, but these lines answer quite as well for Bar Island. The pilgrims, however, are only relic hunters, going to rake the Indian shell-heaps that abound there, or to search for rare sea mosses. At times the tide comes in with such rapidity, that our pilgrim, often a young miss, whose sandals are rubber boots, becomes a prisoner, the paradise of *algæ* being suddenly converted into a very cruel coast. Then, like a certain young lady of antiquity, she falls to weeping, and puts out a signal of distress. But Ariadne shall not weep long, for her Theseus will appear from some "odd angle of the isle," in the guise of a bold herring-smoker, who will launch a skiff and ferry her safely across the seething tide that soon becomes deep enough to float a ship. Few young ladies are found in this predicament more than once, yet a certain damsel did become a prisoner a second time; but in her case, instead of the herring-smoker fisherman, her rescuer was a comely youth.

The diggings on Bar Island are not always confined to the shell heaps, for it is said, and most religiously believed, that the treasures of Captain Kidd, who, some may think, was not a pirate, but a political sacrifice, are buried here. Indeed, where are they not buried? for we have seen the sod turned up to find his strong chest in many a secluded spot between the Grand Manan and the Bahamas.

When at Bar Harbor there are a great many things that the right-minded tourist is expected to do. He will visit the "Ovens," of course, five or six miles distant. The



walk is one of the most charming beach rambles. The prosaic name does not suggest the fine caves in the porphyritic rocks which have been excavated by the sea. They are visited only when the tide is down. Before them is spread out a beautiful pebbly beach. The ceiling and walls of these caves, when dripping with brine, are rich in color, and glow like variegated marble. Close at hand is the *Via Mala*. Every one must at least pretend to have passed through this hole. Close to the landing at Bar Harbor is "Pulpit Rock," so called out of regard to "the cloth," so abundant here in the month of August, when those who are driven from

ing the surplus water to fly upward into the air, fountain-wise, though not exactly in the exquisite style of the fountain in the pinza of St. Peter, which the author of "Corinne" describes as "eternal movement and eternal repose." Farther along the coast is Otter Head Cliff, boasting a "Thunder Cave;" while "Picturesque America" gives the region a "castle," with port and windows. At sunrise, when fully illuminated, the "windows," by the aid of the imagination, may, perhaps, appear as though lighted up for an old-time baronial revel; but it is quite certain that "Thunder Cave," when smitten by Neptune, bellows like



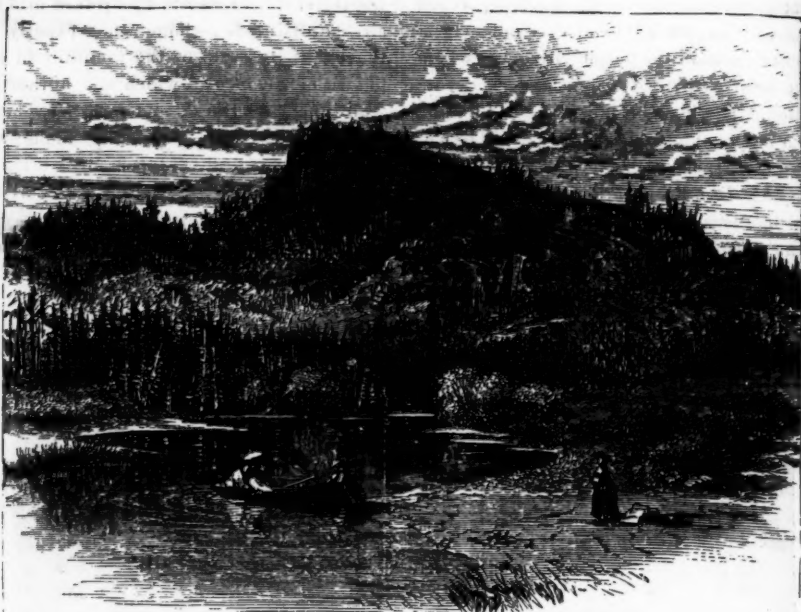
CAVE OF THE SEA, SCHOONER HEAD.

home by convenient sore throats suddenly recover, and are able to preach with the tongues of men and angels. The most popular preacher, after all, is the Reverend Poluphloisboio Thalasses.

Schooner Head must by no means be omitted, as the road thither runs under the eastern flank of Newport Mountain, with its tremendous granite cliffs. Besides, they tell you that the cliffs were fired upon during the war of 1812, by a British cruiser, being mistaken for a vessel. As no place of this kind should be without a "Spouting Horn," one has been provided at Schooner Head, through which the waves are driven during heavy gales, a vertical passage allow-

Bashan's bulls. The Mermaid's Cave, at Schooner Head, also has its exhibition, the floors being covered with natural aquaria, filled with splendid anemones. It is also called "The Cave of the Sea."

True mountain climbing is a specialty, and requires one's full strength, which is tested severely by an exhibition "across lots" from Newport to Green Mountain. With respect to Newport, its great charm, perhaps, is found in its nearness to the sea, toward which it lifts its calm, stony, changeless brow. Nevertheless, like all the mountains, its flanks have their different aspects, appearing dark and green in storms, and even in dull days often possessing little color;



SOUTHERLY END OF NEWPORT MOUNTAIN, NEAR THE SAND BEACH.

yet when the proper light comes Newport appears clad in living green. From its summit the view is very fine, and such is the height that one seems to look almost directly down upon the deck of the passing steamer.

The passage from the top of Newport to the top of Green Mountain is not without some danger, as Dry Mountain, which lies between, must be scaled, and, indeed, fairly carried by assault. The descent of Newport is as severe and almost as rapid as that of the cone of Vesuvius. At the bottom the ascent of Dry Mountain is commenced, its face at first appearing like a blank wall. A ravine was finally discovered, and through this, though filled with loose rocks and trees, we were able to work our way. The most agile ones led, by turns, carrying twenty yards of strong rope, which is almost indispensable both in mounting and descending the cliffs. Occasionally a tree must be climbed, and a ledge reached by swinging to it from a limb. A tremendous ravine separates Dry Mountain from Green Mountain, the two appearing to have

been thrown apart by a convulsion, leaving a nearly perpendicular wall on either side, and between the two

"An hydeous hole at waste, withouten shape,  
Of endless depth, orewhelmed with rugged stone."

With a supply of provisions, a handful of brigands might establish themselves in this fastness and defy a little army of regulars; provided, however, they were able to endure the frigid air, which drove us out with chattering teeth on a hot July day. Our severest struggle of all was the ascent of Green Mountain, which, made from the ravine, is exhausting beyond description, as well as attended with some degree of danger. But the views from its top are wonderfully fine. Indeed, one can not really know what Mount Desert is without one or more such expeditions straight into the heart of its mountain fastnesses.

But all this may be gained without so much expense of fatigue and danger, as a carriage road runs from base to summit, where a small hotel may render all necessary refreshment. The view in every direction from this point is the most extended to be

found in the island. They will tell you about seeing the White Mountains and Katahdin; but, as with the pilgrims on the Delectable Mountains, our faith failed us at this point; but there is enough else to satisfy all reasonable demands. Eagle Lake lies shimmering in the sunlight, with Some's Sound and Blue Hill Bay, Frenchman's Bay, and the ocean sprinkled with ships. The appearance of the Cranberry Islands from this height is peculiar. They resemble masses of floating *algæ*, and one might almost suppose himself to be looking out upon a Saragossa Sea. The geologist while here will not fail to note the grooves in the rocks cut by the glaciers, at that time, when, as Agassiz, who explored the island, observes, it was "a miniature Spitzbergen." In time of dense fogs or thick clouds these grooves might serve as a compass, so regularly are they formed.

Another excursion, which, happily, does not involve quite so severe climbing, is the ascent of Sargent's Mountain from Someville. Going by boat across the sound, and then tramping up and exploring its summit, where one may look across Eagle Lake to the peak of Green Mountain, and descending thence through a magnificent valley to the road between Sargent and Mount Mansell, altogether makes a fine ramble. Agassiz noted the resemblance of this mountain to certain of his native hills that are worn by glacial action. The ascent of Sargent's Mountain is really charming; but the return through the wild gorge already described, especially at the evening hour, may furnish an experience not soon to be forgotten. In descending, there will be required long leaps from rock to rock, swift slides down smooth declivities, and extensive detours through dark woods, which open here and there into broad patches flooded with golden light. To the wearied excursionist the end of the gorge seems to have been lost, so long is he in finding it, especially if already tired. Half-way down, we caught a view of the peak which we had left, now crimson with the glories of the setting sun, while the view below was unobstructed, though the shadows of the evening were already falling fast upon it. Nothing could be more wild and

romantic than this gorge, which is so little frequented that it became necessary to guide the "guide" through it. Just then the wild birds seemed to be all engaged in full chorus, singing their vesper songs, with a melodious disharmony of voices. The birds of passage abound in all this region, during their short season. But as they know their time, and observe it as regularly as the calendar, their season is necessarily a brief one. But while here, their music possesses a wonderful charm, and their delicious notes make these solitudes

"Full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs."

We finally reached the road, and plodded our homeward way under the perpendicular cliffs of Mansell. At the end of two miles the boat was reached, but the tide was down, and the heavy hulk lay a number of yards from the water. In our early days we all, perhaps, fancied that it would be a good thing to play the Crusoe in launching a boat; but when the part of Crusoe is performed in earnest it is quite another matter. If the reader ever should "do" Sargent Mountain, let him remember the tide, lest he should afterwards be obliged to confess that the little matter of that boat was just by a little an over-draft upon his strength and patience. But after breaking an oar or two in attempting a hasty illustration of one of the six powers of Archimedes, we got afloat, and then how soon was all forgotten! The tourist's griefs are of a kindly nature, after all,—very much like those of children, whom they resemble in other points as well. Then how beautiful was the effect of the Summer twilight upon the waters of Some's Sound! For the sky, still barred with crimson and purple, reproduced its hues upon the water. Dog Mountain and Mount Mansell flung themselves darkly at full length upon the calm, pulseless tide. Out of their shadows here and there a spectral sail appeared, while the light in the window of some distant cottage threw down a lambent flame, that danced upon the ripples raised in our homeward track.

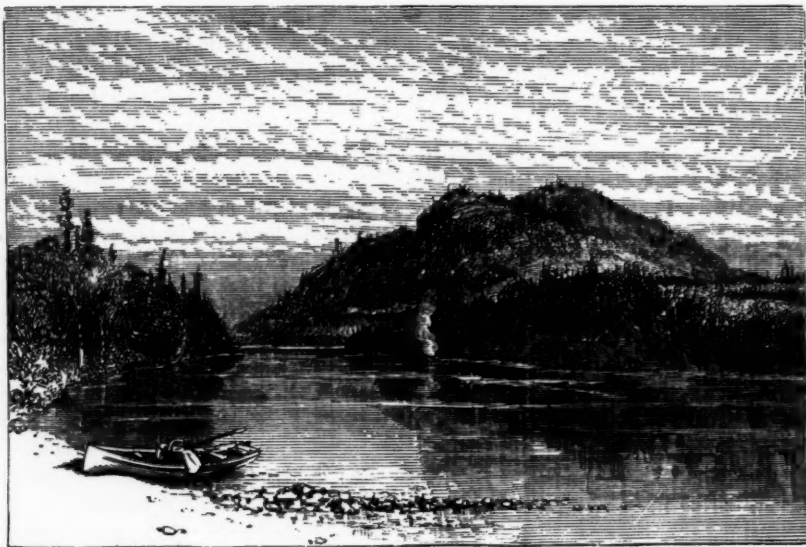
Frenchman's Bay (so called) is a body of water lying on the east side of the island,—

being well sprinkled with islands, many of them only naked rocks, the principal being the Porcupine Group. These islands, when sparsely covered with small pines, many of them dead and without branches, had a strong resemblance to the animal whose name they bear, and to the eyes of the old fishermen, who saw them through the fog, each particular pine stood on end, "like the quills of the fretful porcupine."

We have referred to Agassiz's observation, that Mount Desert was once a "miniature Spitzbergen," and by the same rule of measurement the Porcupines would be a miniature Mount Desert, standing by the side of the great isle, like the little cathedral model in the piazza of the cathedral of Cologne. The Porcupines were fashioned in accordance

the brow of which there is a place where Tennyson might stand gazing at the sea, wondering what the wild waves are saying, or murmuring, "Break! break!" to his heart's content. If one has the needed steadiness of nerves it is very enjoyable to go near these cliffs in a boat, with a good oarsman, when a heavy surf is thundering and breaking at their base.

This Frenchman's Bay is, however, not the true original of that name. The true Frenchman's Bay, where Aubri, one of Champlain's companions, was given up for dead, and came near perishing of hunger, was in quite another locality. The story has been transferred to this place, however, and serves to embellish local history. The true account of the affair that gave a



ECHO LAKE.

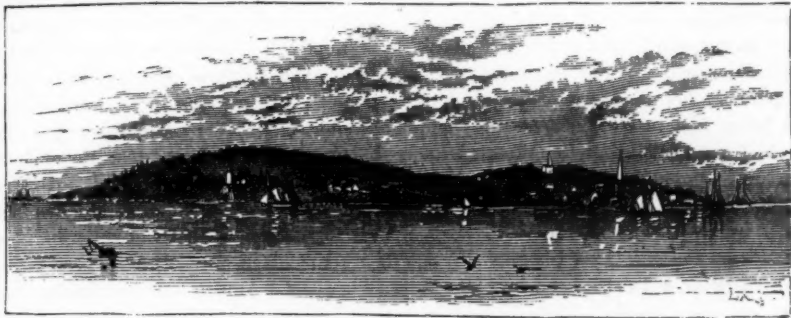
with the same law that produced their larger brother close by, being composed of several ranges with cliffs dropping abruptly on the east side; but when Mount Desert asserted itself the porcupines failed to rise in the world, and the result is a little, a second, Mount Desert, but almost all below the sea. Nevertheless, the Porcupines are a very interesting group, and the cliffs are fine, those of the Burnt Porcupine in particular, upon

name to this water scene may be found in Lescarbot (*Nouvelle France*, ed. 1609), and it took place in the Bay of Funda. Names have often thus been transferred; Labrador, for instance, having been taken from a distant region and applied to the island of Cape Breton, afterwards being shortened to "Brador," and then lengthened to "Bras d'Or," which, the pundit tells you, means "the arm of gold." It is simply a corruption of



a name given by the Cortereals, in the year 1500, to a region whose inhabitants were valued as "laborers." But it is idle to quarrel with local traditions, especially such as those embalmed by Williamson and Sul-

livan. Mount Desert is not simply mist formed in the darkness of the night to be dispelled by the morning sun. It is confirmed, unmitigated fog, made up on scientific principles. You are sure to make its acquaintance if



CASTLE, APPROACHING FROM ILESBORO.

livan, whose books are referred to as Bibles. "Frenchman's Bay" will stand.

There is no end of charming excursions to be made around this bay. The tourist should certainly see the cliffs at Ironbound Island, dig in the shell heaps at Goldsborough, and make a trip to Sullivan Falls. The steamer runs to the latter place, while boats and yachts, with careful skippers, may be had in abundance for any points desired. Accidents, we are told, seldom occur in these waters,—who ever heard of the place where it was confessed that they did? Still, a single case is related, when a party of seven went to the bottom, as one enthusiastic Philadelphian exclaimed, "How glorious!" The youthful skipper paid for his carelessness with his life.

But even Mount Desert, as it is part of this world, must confess to its share of disadvantages, one of which is its fogs. Some have been known to say that the sunshine there cost them forty dollars a day; yet it often costs more elsewhere. The foggy days at Mount Desert are, after all, not altogether without their compensations. The vapor of the Gulf Stream is condensed by the cooler air, like steam, and floats off towards the mainland, lending a moisture to the air that makes the hay crop worth more than the cotton of the Carolinas. What you see at

you go "down East," and the only question relates to what you will do with it when you get there. The best advice which experience can volunteer is, to try and make a sort of grace of it; for fog is really something glorious. We owe to it half the wild legends that one delights to hear when strolling around these mountains and headlands. Without it we should have no "Phantom Ships," nor "Flying Dutchmen," which charm the tourist, though they may be even a greater mystery to the average islander than is the stealthy *Cimbria* on this coast. Those who have visited the island during former years can recall many pleasant experiences connected with the fog, and remember that

"Sometimes in calms of closing day  
They watched the spectral mirage play,  
Saw low, far islands looming tall and nigh,  
And ships with upturned keels sail like a sea the sky."

It would be worth six weeks of fog to view one of these supernatural fleets moving through the heavens or three tall ships sailing mysteriously one above the other. Literature, ancient and modern, is full of fog, which Leigh Hunt shows, even in connection with London fog, to be worthy of all praise. The poets have made it subsidiary to effect in many ways, and to no small degree. Still, one may not think it so very

admirable, when, after having planned an expedition to Newport or Green, he rises betimes in the morning only to find that

"Aloft on the mountains  
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty  
Atlantic."

As a Summer resort, or "watering-place," Mount Desert is one of the most enjoyable spots in America. It may be characterized as popular rather than fashionable, society there being free rather than conventional. The chief trouble is, that the throng is of late years becoming too great, an excellent fault in the sight of Boniface, though lamented by those who would rather, with Caliban, like to say, "This island's mine."

But there is a local, every-day Mount Desert, of which tourists know but little. Some persons have supposed that the local population are coarse and rude, but without knowing them. Unique specimens may no doubt be found, but not more than in other rural communities. The original stock of Mount Desert was plain, but respectable and God-fearing. If the people are careful of their possessions, it should be remembered that their money comes to them only in small amounts, and as the fruits of hard labor, and, therefore, it is held with the greater tenacity.

We have here written much more about the landscape than the land, for in praise of the soil very little can be said. The people gain their livelihood either by cultivating a reluctant soil, or else in a painful and perilous conflict with the sea. An insular or

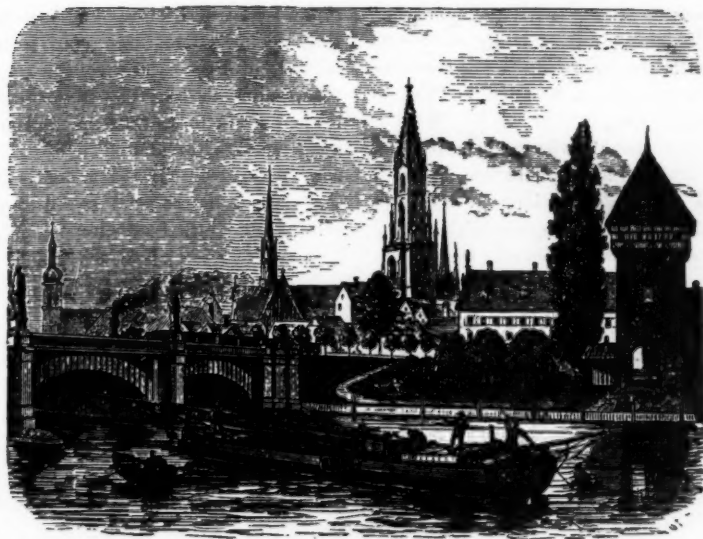
littoral situation has less to develop certain forms of activities than most other parts of the country, while in frankness, honesty, and independence of character, the people of such regions usually excel. This island has, no doubt, like other similarly situated localities, been much more the cradle and the nursery of its people than their burial-place. The spirit of self-reliance and the force of character here inherited and developed has often led its subjects to push out and to make themselves felt in the affairs of the world. Representatives of this bleak island and its circumjacent regions have been found in many parts of the world, honoring the place of their nativity by their noble lives. Among the honorable names that shed luster upon this island is that of Davis Wasgatt Clark, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who was a native of one of its inland valleys, a name ever to be especially cherished by the readers of the REPOSITORY. And that he did not cease to remember the place of his birth is evinced by the fact that long before the Summer tourist had found his way thither, or the artist had told the great world of its beauties, he gave in this magazine a series of fine steel engravings, illustrative of its scenery. Northern New England, like Scotland, attracts to herself the cultivated of other regions to see the beauty and grandeur of her scenery; but sends forth her own sons to possess and to bless the world. And this characteristic of New England as a whole is intensified in this rugged island upon her coast.

### TEARS.

O TEARS! when we are sunk in sorrow,  
'Tis you that soothe us, you that bless;  
You bring to those a lighted morrow  
Who swoon in darkness and distress.  
And they whose bleeding bosoms languish  
From wounds that never cease their flow,  
Find, in their own sad drops of anguish,  
A tender anodyne of woe.  
To every tear of mute compassion  
The poor with grateful smiles reply,

And welcome, in their homely fashion,  
The magic of a moistened eye.  
When friends o'er some green grave are weeping,  
By no funereal pomp defiled,  
Their tears descend to him that's sleeping,  
Pure as the kisses of a child.  
Therefore, when next the dark'ning hours  
To me some mournful message bring,  
Flow fast, sweet tears, and give your showers  
The breezy coolness of the Spring!

## SWISS LAKES AND MOUNTAINS.



THE CITY OF CONSTANCE.

SWITZERLAND is an Alpine world within itself, and comprehends every variety that nature can afford, whether of mountain, valley, or lake. There we witness the war of the elements in the violent hurricane, the fearful snow-storm, the fall of the avalanche, and the rush of mountain torrents, with their thousands of waterfalls.

To one who regards this Alpine land as an organic whole, it is an admirable work of art, in which nothing is wanting to its completeness, even to the animals that walk or creep on its surface, or fly in its atmosphere. On the one hand is the glacier, with its mysterious life, and the little snow-mouse that lives among its crevices; even above these the chamois, defying the bold hunter to follow it in its devious and dangerous course; and on the other, the classic beauty of plain and lake.

Among these mountains we find the woodmen, the hunters, and the shepherds, and in the plains the mute inhabitants of the deep blue or emerald lakes; every-where there is life of beast, or bird, or fish. And in the

Summer a new industry is created by those who seek the crystals beside or beneath the glaciers, or the flowers and the herbs that grow upon the elevated and almost unattainable heights. The lofty passes are nearly all provided with hospices, within whose walls the season virtually never ends, for Winter and Summer find the monks of St. Bernard ready with their dogs to succor or their board to cheer the traveler, weary or exhausted with the long ascent.

In midsummer these high passes sometimes present quite a lively sight, especially when the lumbering diligence meets the lowing herds, wending their way to other valleys, or a group of tourists with knapsack and staff, seeking the Alpine rose beside the goat-herd of the bordering crags. One meets, on these lofty ways, a varied company. Now, it is the Italian organ-grinder wending his way northward, to carry to Germany or Switzerland the classic airs of Verdi or Donizetti; again it may be the German student, going South with light heart and lighter pack and purse,

to the land of his youthful ideal. On his way the Alpine plants tempt him to deviate to right or left, so that night-fall overtakes him with his journey half accomplished, and bids him seek shelter with the monks of some neighboring refuge, while those who started with him for the day's journey have reached the mountain hostelry, and are reposing in security.

Switzerland has thus for many years been the Mecca of the lovers of nature, and will doubtless remain so as long as its lakes sparkle, its plains grow green with Spring verdure, and its lofty peaks rear their snow-white heads to the clouds. Of late years

gerous peaks. His home is perhaps a lonely village, where the snow may fall in midsummer, and where poverty stood godfather by his cradle. During the warmer season his playground was the little spot of turf that surrounded his native cabin, and in the forest behind it there were continual dangers threatening his boy life,—the wild rush of the mountain torrent, or the sudden fall of rocks or earth threatening to crush or overwhelm him. But it is war and not peace that makes heroes, and so all these dangers of his youth insensibly reared him to be a genuine son of the Alps, and shaped his strength for the dangers to be encountered



ISLAND OF MAINAU, LAKE OF CONSTANCE.

there has come to be a class of pilgrims who know in Summer no other goal than these mountains; who are happy only when snuffing the mountain air or planning and making new conquests among the mountains. This spirit has been greatly fostered of late years by the "Alpine Clubs," the members of which regularly repair to their Summer haunts, and spending the season in exploration among the glaciers or the peaks, only happy when they have ascended some crag hitherto accounted inaccessible, and upon which the footstep of man had not before pressed.

A genuine Swiss guide must be born to his calling. He is a guide from his earliest youth, and can scarcely recount the number of times he has been on many of the most dan-

among them. His brother, perhaps, may have been more successful, for it is the ambitions of the poor Swiss family to have one member that may have lived awhile in some neighboring town and learned the secret of the confectioner's art, for the Swiss are skillful in the preparation of sweets and pastry and can make a delicate cup of coffee or of chocolate. But the mountain boy never tastes these delicacies; but grows strong among the peaks, nourished only by the coarsest fare. His ambition is to go wherever the chamois can make its way, and in so doing he forms a supreme contempt for the greatest dangers. Among the precipices he knows no such ideas as steep or rugged or inaccessible. He is accustomed to the grandeur and majesty of the Alpine world, at which

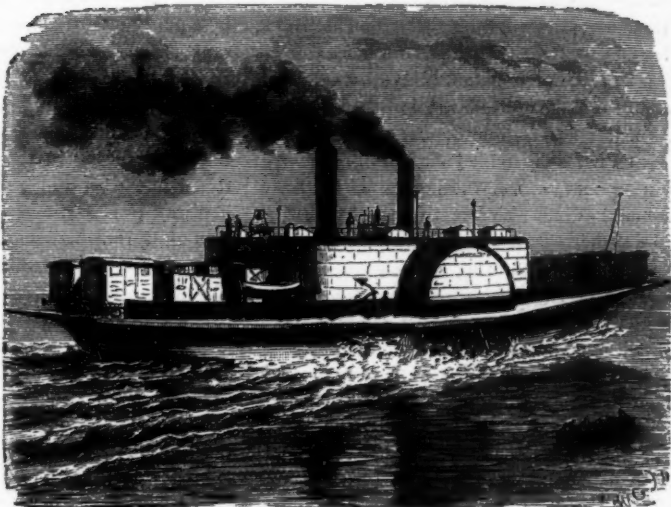


we gaze with awe and terror, so that where others tremble with fear he is perfectly at home.

And Switzerland may well train up her guides into a profession, for she lives from the strangers that flock to her gates at the return of every season. The time was when the Switzer would leave his rock-ribbed land to seek a liveli-

hood in some more favored country; because the scanty plains could not yield to him and his support. During the Summer he might wrest this from the stubborn soil in some sections, and from the upland pastures for his flocks in others; but when Winter came, and locked up this source of treasure, he was wholly without means of earning his bread, except by the scanty gain from the work of the hands of his wife and children in some skilled handicraft that required no capital. But when the lace or gloves or pretty trinkets were made, there was for them no market at home, so that the father in Summer, with pack on his back, wandered over Europe to sell the product of the Winter's toil.

For ages the stalwart men of the mountains found occupation as soldiers in the pay of foreign sovereigns, and the "Swiss guards" became famous, not only at the Court of France, but at many other smaller courts of Europe. They were favorites among the rulers, because they were always loyal to the hand that fed them, and knew no other duty than that of protecting, at all hazards, the sovereign that employed them. As they were foreigners in the countries where they served, they were supposed to have no political principles, and to take no



TRANSPORT STEAMER, LAKE OF CONSTANCE.

interest in the many questions that might excite other men.

Many stories are told of their bull-dog courage, while fighting for no other principle than fidelity to their "salt;" and in some parts of Switzerland, as in Lucerne, the proudest monuments are raised to those who have fallen at the post of duty in the defense of those whom all others had abandoned. But it was an odious and inglorious calling, and of late years their presence has become so distasteful to the people of the countries in which they served that the system has almost disappeared.

But with every succeeding year the Swiss are more inclined and encouraged to stay at home and engage in industries for which they find a market on their own soil; for the strangers now come to them whom formerly they needed to seek in distant lands.

At the north-east and south-west corners of Switzerland lie the two great water basins of the lakes of Constance and Geneva. By their mountain streams both of these are connected with the chilly heights of the St. Gothard, both are the portals to the Alpine world of Switzerland, both are famous in song and story, both have been consecrated by the arts of painter and of poet. In their large and deep basins are gathered the waters

of the two largest of Alpine streams, where these are purified from the sediment which they bring from their highland homes.

The Lake of Constance lies a little higher than the Lake of Geneva; but the latter has a greater surface and depth, and is favored with a more diversified shore, richer mountain scenery, and a warmer climate. Lake Lemman, as it is also sometimes called, is rich in Southern fruits, and its beautiful banks, covered with charming villas, seem like the Garden of Hesperides. It is far superior to the Lake of Constance in the majestic views which it affords of the distant peaks around Mt. Blanc; and Voltaire, who lived for some time on its borders, was in the habit of exclaiming, "My lake is the first."

The city of Geneva is a little capital, and it is not inappropriately called a little Paris, although this term is more properly applied to Brussels. Its attractions are so great that it receives the visits of more tourists than any other city in Switzerland, and very few visit the land of lakes and mountains without visiting this Protestant Rome. It is a charming spot for a transient Summer's sojourn, and a most eligible center in which to study for a Winter.

The lake itself is a charming body of

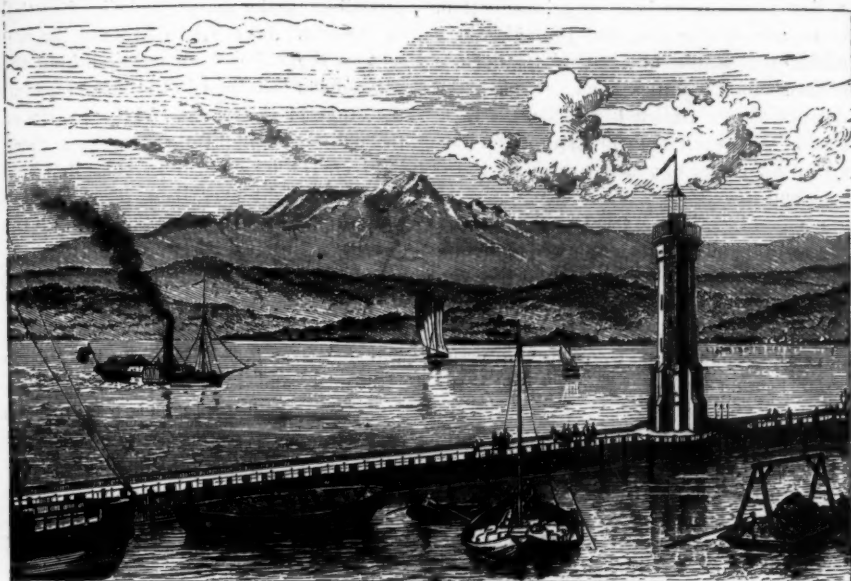
water, whose banks are rendered picturesque by such beautiful retreats as Vevay or Lausanne, and no sheet of water among the Swiss lakes affords a more beautiful sail than can be enjoyed on Lemman's floods, while gazing on the lofty peaks in the distant horizon, or drinking in the quiet beauties unrolled like a panorama as the vessel pursues her way from Geneva to Chillon, the location of Byron's famous poem.

The Lake of Constance presents no cities like Geneva, and no rural retreats along its banks so attractively situated as those of its rival city; but it is important as being the avenue of approach to Switzerland from Germany, and having its banks more cosmopolitan in character than those of any of this group of inland waters. It is in all respects worthy of being regarded as a model lake for the study of Swiss peculiarities and the countless phenomena of its surface as of the inhabitants of its banks and its depths. In place of Mont Blanc in the distance, it has the lofty Sents in its immediate vicinity, with its steep declivity rising from the lake in imposing majesty. The Sents is the great mountain of the Lake of Constance, and is plainly seen from nearly every point.

These mountain heights in Switzerland should be studied not only in their towering altitude but also in their æsthetic form and beauty. The inhabitants seem to regard them as guardian spirits watching over their destinies and controlling their fortunes. They talk of them as old friends, and careful protectors, and as loving monarchs; they watch their physiognomy by Summer and



STORM ON THE LAKE OF CONSTANCE.



HIGH SENTIS, FROM FRIEDRICHSHAFEN, LAKE CONSTANCE.

Winter, and their varying appearance at morning, noon, and night, and study their peculiar beauty in every phase of light and shade. Thus one can hardly imagine Geneva without the shadow of Mont Blanc, or the Lake of Constance without the watchful oversight of the Sentis. To the inhabitants of each region the mountains have their peculiar beauties in which they stand unrivaled in the estimation of their adorers. So that when one arrives from the beautiful lakes of Italian Switzerland, or those of Lucerne or Zurich, and would make a comparison, there is always something that is new or quaint. Along the shores of Lake Constance we find many queer old towns that for centuries have been standing still while the world has been moving on, and they are now in this busy period scarcely awakened from their slumbers by the tourists that seek in them the types of a vanishing age. This is especially the case with the old rocky fortress of Meersburg, which, in its time, has been the retreat of princes, philosophers, and poets, who, from its castle turrets, have gazed across the waters to the cathedral of Constance, and found their ideal beauty in

the varied surface and surroundings of this inland sea. In all the Lake of Constance there is scarcely a more beautiful spot for observation than the little island of Mainau, with its hillock crowned with a modest inn, from whose piazza one has the freest outlook over the entire lake. He who has a sharp eye sees without the aid of glass not only the steeples of Constance, but both the German and the Swiss shores, while at his feet is the Austrian soil; and the entire scene resembles a map spread at one's feet.

The little island town of Lindau, often spoken of as Little Venice, is one of the curiosities of the Lake of Constance. After viewing from the park on the high ground behind it, and thus at the same time catching a view of the gorgeous scenery of the upper lake, which seems to push its way deeply into the Rhine valley, one will be ready to affirm that the Lake of Constance need have no fear of a comparison with that of Geneva. Here is the most beautiful combination of mountain and highland, plain and mountain-chain, lake and river. From this elevated point we can also command the Bavarian plains and the broad

valley that was probably once the bottom of an arm of the lake, and through whose center the Rhine now stems its devious course. On the other hand, we have the Alps of the St. Gallen highlands, the little land of Appenzell, and the Canton of Thurgovia, all places of much renown in Swiss song and story.

Lindau, like Venice, has been invaded by the railway, and by that way we entered its precincts on the fortunate day when the Emperor of Germany was expected to land on his way to Munich to visit the King of Bavaria. The people were out in great numbers from town and country, and there

according to the season, and the direction of the sun. In the late Autumn the sun sets on the Lake of Constance behind the Thurgovian hills, and in the Winter behind the group of the Sentis. The reflection of the evening twilight then throws a warm light on the lake which twinkles in a long stream of light over its surface. During the warm, Autumnal days that show all the distant mountains in clearest outline, the waters are clothed in a brilliant garment of purple. Sometimes, in the Fall, a bank of fog lies heavily on the broad surface of the water, and for hours the sun will struggle with mist, and finally gain for itself an

outlook, through which one perceives the blue sky. With returning Spring the setting sun comes forth from behind the Swiss mountains, and inclines to the German shore of the lake. In March and April the lake enjoys its richest sunsets, when its waters are clothed in all the colors of the rainbow.

The sunsets in mid-summer, as they are enjoyed on the promenades of Lindau and Bregenz, remind



ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR AT LINDAU.

was a rare display of peasant costume, for which Bavaria is famous. The entire town was gay with flags and streamers, bearing the national and the local ensigns, while the military was ranged in long lines as guards along the passage from boat to rail. We were struck with the apparent loyalty and good feelings of the Bavarians in their preparations to receive the Prussian king who had so recently become their national ruler, notwithstanding the ceaseless efforts on the part of the Bavarian Ultramontanes to prejudice the people against the veteran soldier and the Northern Germans.

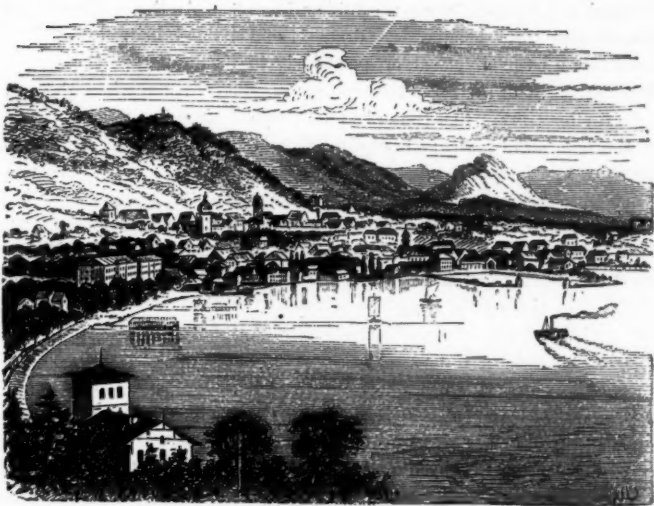
The views on the Swiss lakes vary greatly

many a traveler of the Venetian and Neapolitan concerts of light and shade. And even the play of vegetation is quite as various from different stand-points of the shore. On the German side it is the cherry and the plum, and on the Swiss side the apple and the pear. When these are all in bloom the lake banks resemble forests of fruit trees. The white and pink tints of this sea of blossoms afford an enchanting sight. Later in the season appear the modest blossoms of the vine, which has chosen the banks of the Rhine, and this, its supplying lake, as its favorite retreat.

A true ideal of landscape harmony is given



in the charming contrast afforded by the two islands in the lower parts of the lake,—the Reichenau and the Mainau. The former rises so little out of the lake that it seems imbedded in soft meadows, orchards, and grain fields, with here and there a hillock for the vine. In the immediate neighborhood of the shore the landscape is varied with cloisters, villages, towns, and castles.



BREGENZ.

The Mainau is the property of the reigning Grand Duke of Baden, and would seem a fitting home for the nereids and dryads. The land rises in gentle terraces from the water nearly a hundred feet, and affords beautiful sites for gardens. The inhabitants of Bregenz and Lindau appreciate these beauties so well that in the fine season they frequently repair thither for Summer excursions on the jaunty little steamers that flit about the lake, taking with them bands of music and refreshments for the day. The sail from Constance to Friedrichshafen is the best direction to see the beauties of the lake, for one thus enjoys all the mirror of the lake and the mountain scenery in the distance at the same time, with the freest outlook on the groups of the Sentis and those of Appenzell.

The Lake of Constance is renowned for the variety of its fish, of which there are more than twenty kinds that are well known and in continual use during the season. Of these the salmon variety is the most prized, it being very delicate and savory, and having a flavor peculiar to this lake. It requires seven years to mature, and when full-grown is about eighteen inches in length. It winters in the depths of the lake, and appears in the Spring, and has so regular a course

from its Winter retreat to its Summer resort, that the fishermen know just where and when to expect it. Some years it is very plenty, so that in one season, not long ago, no less than forty thousand were taken at a single draught. By the aid of the rail these are now sent to many parts of Europe, and especially to Paris.

Some of the finny tribe of this lake may be counted among the giants. A species of sturgeon grows sometimes to the length of ten feet, and they are so large that a man can scarcely embrace them, and will weigh a hundred pounds and over. Old fishermen maintain that since the introduction of steamboats on the lake the fish are less plentiful, being annoyed and destroyed by the action of the vessels. Others, with more reason, maintain that the decrease is caused by reckless fishing at unseasonable periods, and the citizens of some of the towns are now moving with great energy in the effort to secure legal protection to the fish. And this is, indeed, the case with all the Swiss lakes of late, in proportion as they are becoming Summer resorts, and their hotels demand the fish for their guests. While sitting at the table of one of these last Summer, we heard at the distant end of the table a series of ejaculations that followed the

steward as he passed along the table with a magnificent fish beautifully dressed and served on a large silver salver, previously to distributing it to the expectant company.

In earlier times when the only navigation of the lake was by means of sailing vessels, nearly every body of water had its own peculiar craft, like the double lateen sail-boats on the Lake of Geneva. These, when approaching from the distance, look like a great bird with expanded wings, and a group of them in the offing resembles a flock of large, white crows, the double sails inclining from either side of the vessel causing it to appear like the body of the bird. As transporting craft, these have of late almost entirely disappeared, giving way to heavier vessels that are towed by the steamers. But the pleasure sail or row boat is a very popular institution on the Swiss lakes, and especially on that of Geneva; and the finest view of Mont Blanc and the neighboring range is obtained about sunset from the bosom of the lake in a row-boat. At Lausanne, and especially at Vevay, there is quite a fleet of boats maintained at reasonable prices for the use of strangers, who frequently run up their own flag while on a sail, the boat-owners having a fair supply of the best known ones, so that while sojourning at Vevay, we frequently looked out to see the stars and stripes skipping over the waters at the stern of some agile craft.

There is, indeed, as may be inferred, a very busy life on these lakes, and especially on this central channel between Germany and Switzerland, which is largely increased by the pleasure travel in the season. During this period the lake is nearly always pleasant and safe, but in the early Spring there is danger of sudden storms; and in the Autumn the greatest enemy to navigation is the dense fog, which sometimes lies like an impenetrable mass on the surface of the water, through which no navigator can make his way, and during which it is almost impossible for the pilot to find such narrow entrances as that to Lindau, given in our cut, made necessary by the fact that there is no natural port, but only that formed by the great moles which act as breakwaters.

As the surface of the lake has its ebb and flood, being lowest in Winter and highest in Summer, so the beauty of the lake reaches its acme when the days are longest, when the glow of the western and north-western sky often casts its golden gleam over the bosom of the lake until ten or eleven o'clock at night. After this the lake becomes a true mirror of the heavenly lights, reflecting them faithfully in its bosom, and inviting out into the waters the light gondolas from the little island city. Sometimes a miniature flotilla of fifty or sixty gondolas, all adorned with lanterns of various colors, will float out into the lake from "Little Venice," and while on its bosom the inmates will throw up rockets and sing the Swiss songs of the country, while bands of music on the land will respond to them amid a cloud of Greek fire. The stranger, enchanted by the scene, imagines himself transported to the wonders of the Thousand and One Nights, or lingering on the shore of the Bay of Naples.

Mountain traveling is still kept up through the passes between Switzerland and Southern Europe, but the genius of modern engineering is threatening to rob us of its beauty and romance. A few years ago the French became tired of clambering over Mont Cenis into Italy, resolved on going through the mountain instead of over, and the result, after years of labor and a vast outlay of treasure, is a tunnel successfully carried through the bowels of the mountain, so that now the railroad train passes on into Italy as prosily as in any other underground road. Twenty-five minutes takes one through the tunnel without a particle of romance, doing eight miles in the dark instead of twenty-five miles among the peaks. It was supposed that the good road over the mountain would be kept up for Summer travel, but facts show that very few can be induced to go over the mountain while there is so easy a way of getting through it. In a few years the pass over the summit will probably go to decay, and be impassible.

The same evil genius is now at work with the sublime and awe-inspiring pass of St. Gothard. The demon of the engineer is

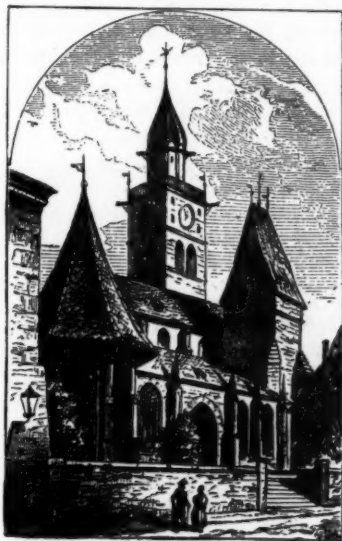
penetrating it with a great bore that in a few years will doubtless be finished, and then will sound the death-knell of St. Gothard's glory. Those who would yet see the pass, with the present facilities, need to bestir themselves.

The tunnel through the St. Gothard will be still longer than that through Mont Cenis, being about nine miles in length. The work is a stupendous one, and has several times seemed on the point of failing for want of funds. The enterprise is so gigantic that Switzerland could not do it alone; and so Germany stepped in, and lent a helping hand, in view of the great interest that she has in the completion of the work. But there has been a continual cry for money, so much more being required than was at first calculated. Thus the Swiss Cantons have been in continual struggle with one another, those remote from the work being unwilling to bear their quota of the expense.

The passes of the St. Bernard and the Simplon still hold their own, and the hospice, the monks, and the dogs of the former flourish as of old, while the Brenner Pass, leading from the Tyrol to Northern Italy, has been sealed by a solid and skillful line of rail possessing a remarkable power in surmounting steep ascents. The great Stelvio Pass, from the Lake of Como over into Austrian Tyrol, is the highest of all the passes, and the refuge or hospice on its summit is said to be the highest habitable retreat in Europe. It is a magnificently constructed road, but one which entails great expense to keep it up, which is borne mainly by the Government, as the road was constructed principally for military purposes. We once crossed in the early Spring with a Government party of exploration to inspect the damages made through the Winter, and the wreck of the storms and the great masses of snow still encumbering the road would lead one to believe that it would take most of the Summer to repair the damages of the Winter.

This great pass is not now so useful to the Government as in former years, for Austria has now less need of a military road than in the days when she controlled a large part of

Northern Italy, including Venice. Her own great line of rail over the pass of the Semmering also gives her easy access to Italy and the Adriatic from her capital. A very noted pass is that from the Lake of Thun over the Gemmi into the valley of the Rhone, being among the few that can not be entirely made in comfort any other way than on foot. Many of these passes are such fine



CATHEDRAL AT UEBERLINGEN.

specimens of road engineering that one jumps into a diligence at their base and thus crosses over the entire journey; but this immunity from fatigue and danger has only been obtained at great expense and skill, dangerous places being protected by walls, short curves being passed by galleries, and chasms crossed by solid and secure bridges. But all this so detracts from the wild beauty and romance of the passage that those who wish to see Alpine heights prefer those that show less evidence of the shaping and protecting hand of man. The peculiarity of the Gemmi, and a great portion of its attraction, is found in the descent into the basin containing the hot springs and baths of Lœche. This is made by a passage hewn into the side of immense perpendicular precipices, and the road thus descends in zigzag terraces cut into the side of the solid rock, and is often so narrow that

two animals can scarcely pass, and giddy brains are forced to cling closely to the wall in order not to be made to reel by gazing into the immense chasm below. Very narrow passages and abrupt and dangerous turns are guarded by balustrades, a measure found necessary some years ago, after a very painful accident, in which a lady lost her life by being precipitated from the path into the frightful chasm below.

Many of the most attractive mountain ascents are in the interior of Switzerland,



MEERSBURG.

and are made with a view to gain a nearer view of celebrated peaks, or to pass from valley to valley in search of waterfalls or glaciers. Of these, one of the most charming is that of the Wengern Alp, which brings us to the very bosom of such famous heights as the Jungfrau, the Monk, and the Eiger. When one has toiled for hours to reach the summit of the pass, these peaks still tower far above, and though it at times seems as

if he might cast a stone into their snows, a deep and wide chasm still separates him from them, and makes the sides forbidden ground except to the professional guide and practiced Alpine climber.

In the Bernese Highlands every peak and mountain range has its peculiar name; indeed, every unusual formation is in some way distinguished, so that the Swiss guides and coachmen are as familiar with every thing in the landscape far and near as with the houses of their own village or the peculiarities of their own garden. They speak of the mountains by the proper names as if they were old friends or household gods, and refer their good fortune to them as the guardian angels of the country. They seem attached to them by a peculiar tie, and when for a time separated from them seem anxious to return to their protecting shadow.

The Swiss authorities seem to have discovered that all the accommodations they can offer to strangers will redound to their profit by drawing visitors from all parts of the world. The wealth of the country lies far more in its attractiveness as a Summer resort than in any other feature, and the more comfort and pleasure people can find the more readily will they choose Switzerland as the spot for a retreat or a tour. And thus roads are being opened to desirable spots, railroads and steamboats are in a constant course of improvement, the general facilities for travel are being greatly improved, the hotels are becoming the finest in the world, and all the attractions are being enhanced and protected, even to some of the mountain flowers, which the law protects from being plucked up by the roots, that the species may not be exterminated. Thus the country is becoming with every year a more desirable and profitable retreat for the curious of all lands who are able to make the grand tour.



## HENRY ROGERS.



THE name of Henry Rogers represents a kind of service to the kingdom of Christ which few men have been qualified to render,—the service which we associate with the names of Blaise Pascal in France and Bishop Butler in England. In each department of Christian work there are many varieties. Preaching, for instance, is a function common to ministers of Christ; but when we think of preachers, the impression of distinctive and diversified gifts is perhaps greater than that of the common function. So it is in the department of apol-

ogetics. Among the writers who by evidence and argument vindicate Christianity and the Bible there is almost equal diversity. Mr. Rogers did his chief work in the field of apologetics, although he did much in general literature and much in tutorial instruction; and in apologetics his strength lay in acute and destructive criticism of anti-Christian arguments, such as is done in his "Eclipse of Faith" and the "Defense" of it; his articles on the "Tractarian" movement contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*; his critique on Rénan; and several of his minor papers,—

notably some of the "Greyson Letters;" in which, with large knowledge, inimitable wit, and merciless cross-questioning and logic, he exposes the untenableness of various social and anti-religious theories. It is scarcely too much to say that since Pascal's "Provincial Letters" no polemic has equaled the "Eclipse of Faith" in its brilliant and complete demolition of the anti-Christian speculations of F. W. Newman. So completely did it do its work that it ended the controversy. No reply to it was possible. Mr. Rogers's last and most elaborate work, on the "Superhuman Origin of the Bible," belongs to the same class of apologetics, although it is constructive in its form. It is an array of evidence for the Holy Scriptures gathered from their own characteristics: their great features of wisdom, holiness, and truth; their congruity of character and purpose; and especially the harmony of their multitudinous minor features—such as incidental statements and allusions, the writers and their writings, facts and doctrines—which could scarcely have been purposed, and which can be accounted for only on the assumption of their historical truth and supernatural character. It is really a great work, in the sense in which the charge of a great judge is great; the points of evidence are sagaciously fixed upon, clearly brought out, relatively adjusted, and their value when brought into combination justly appraised. For this kind of apologetic Mr. Rogers had natural gifts, and acquired knowledge above any man in recent times. His friend, Archbishop Whately, possessed similar qualification—as his clever brochure, "Historical Doubts relative to Napoleon Bonaparte," shows—but not in equal degree.

Like most men whose gifts are of a distinctive character, Mr. Rogers did not at once find his proper sphere of work. In realizing the great economic law of the kingdom of God, "every man in his place," there is often need for processes of readjustment; the place into which a man is born is not always the place for which he is born; and it is often very interesting to watch the providence which directs the transition. There are what our American friends call

"all round men," who, possessing good natural powers, easily occupy whatever place presents itself, and do respectably any work that may happen to lie next them. They have no gifts so distinctive as to impel them to seek and struggle until distinctive work is found. No doubt a man of great intellectual force can make that force tell, whatever work he may do; but a man equally good at all things will not be specially good at any. For eminent service demands special sympathies as well as special powers; and the greatest men have these so strongly developed that they are restless and inefficient until they find work in which all their powers of thought, of sympathy, and of faculty, can be absorbed. Mr. Rogers was a man of great intellectual powers, and every thing that he did indicated these. But it was not until he found a fitting sphere for his distinctive qualities that he vindicated his claim to the possession of what may be justly designated genius.

The son of a medical man, he was born at St. Alban's, in the year 1806. As a boy he was intelligent and precocious,—a great devourer of books, with special aptitude for the acquisition of languages. He received his education under Mr. J. C. Thorowgood, first residing in his house when he was one of the masters of Mill Hill School, and afterwards in his well-known establishment at Totteridge, of which he was the founder and proprietor. Mr. Rogers's father died when he was fourteen years of age, having destined his promising son to the medical profession. In accordance with this designation he began his medical education, and acquired knowledge which afterwards served him in good stead for both argument and illustration, as, for example, in the amusing "Greyson's Letters on Homœopathy." But, like most literary and pious youths of Nonconformist parentage, his own aspirations were strongly directed to the Nonconformist ministry. He was a Nonconformist by intelligent conviction, as well as by family and educational association: and, being such, he had been necessarily excluded from an education at the national universities by barriers which have since happily been removed. He,

therefore, sought his theological education at Highbury College, which he entered in the year 1826, and of which Dr. Henderson, well known as an accomplished Oriental scholar, and Dr. Halley, were then tutors. He then, in 1829, became co-pastor with Mr. Durant, minister of the Congregational Church at Poole, in Dorsetshire, with whom, in the same relationship, his friend, Mr. Morell Mackenzie, was afterwards associated. Mr. Mackenzie, a young minister of great promise, was lost in the wreck of the *Pegasus*, on the Ayrshire coast, and his calm, heroic piety in the face of death made an impression upon the public mind almost equal to that made by the tragic shipwreck itself. Mr. Rogers wrote for private circulation a very tender and beautiful memoir of his friend.

Mr. Rogers did not find in the ministry his proper sphere of work, nor was it at all clear where he would find it, or even what it was. Intellectual and religious qualifications for the pulpit he possessed above many; but other qualities in addition to these are essential to efficient preaching, such as intuitive sympathies with the common life of men, and practical aptitudes for ministering to their common necessities; emotional enthusiasm and contagion; forms of speech and of thought colloquial and level with ordinary apprehension. That Mr. Rogers had the essential religious sympathies no one who knew his piety and his tutorial work could doubt; but his instinct was towards exact exposition, philosophical thought, and dialectical form, rather than towards popular oratory. He was better fitted to form the minds of preachers than to preach himself; and it was soon evident that he would never, through the preacher's work, attain the eminence which his great intellectual and literary powers gave promise of. To cultured men, who could disregard oratorical forms, it was a great treat to listen to his scholarly, dialectical, and spiritual expositions of divine truth; but he demanded an audience so qualified. His habits of thought, his thin voice and rapid speech, were obstructions to popular impression that could not be overcome. After a couple of

years, therefore, he had the sagacity to see that his powers could find no adequate expression in the pulpit, and he resigned his pastorate, much, however, to the grief of Mr. Durant and the congregation. It had been marked, moreover, by a bitter sorrow. In 1830, a few months after he had taken up his residence in Poole, he had married, and a few months afterwards he lost his young wife. As a diversion from this great grief he applied himself to the completion of a life of John Howe, which he had contemplated, and which he had just begun to write. When about sixteen he had read Howe's "Redeemer's Tears Wept over Lost Souls," which had made a deep religious impression upon him, and which no doubt contributed to make him the admiring student of John Howe, which throughout life, in common with Robert Hall, he was. Although written in a very short time, it is, in literary brilliancy, in keen appreciation, in large knowledge of the men and movements of Howe's day, and in broad catholic sympathies with all forms of goodness, a model biography. It has been republished by the Religious Tract Society, and is likely to remain the standard life of the great Non-conformist divine. Many years afterwards, at the request of the same society, he undertook to edit Howe's works, which up to that time had been printed so inaccurately and ignorantly as greatly to confuse the meaning of the author. With a spirit of devotedness rare in a man so eminent, Mr. Rogers undertook the immense drudgery of correcting the punctuation and removing the blunders of the text,—maintaining, however, the most reverent regard for the words of the author. The result is an edition of Howe which has the effect of a great picture from which smoke and dirt have been removed by a skillful and reverent hand. What was before a difficulty to even a practiced thinker is now easy to ordinary readers, so that both Howe and his readers are benefited. We have heard him speak of this as the most laborious task of his literary life.

In 1832 he removed from Poole to London, with, no immediate prospect of a vocation, his general purpose being to give himself to

study. His love for languages, and perhaps a general presentiment of the work that he would do, led him to study the Anglo-Saxon language and literature, and to make himself master of the German language,—both at that time somewhat rare acquisitions of English scholars. Shortly after his settlement in London he was invited to the Mathematical Chair in Highbury College.

In 1836 the London University was established by Royal Charter, and in January, 1837, Mr. Rogers was appointed to the Chair of English Language and Literature: this he filled for two years, during which he published two lectures,—the one on English Composition, the other on Bacon. The latter was one of the many replies provoked by Macaulay's famous essay in the *Edinburgh Review*; and in critical acumen, philosophical knowledge, and literary beauty, it may fairly claim equality with the production of the brilliant essayist. While in London he began to write for the periodical press. For a short time he was associated with Mr. Conder in the editorship of the *Patriot* newspaper, and to the *Eclectic Review* he contributed several articles.

In 1838 he accepted the Professorship of English Literature and Language, Mental Philosophy and Mathematics, in Spring Hill College, Birmingham, which he retained for nineteen years. In October, 1839, he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* the first of the brilliant series of articles—since collected and reprinted—which has associated him in equal eminence with Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, and Macaulay.

Indeed, his scholarship was more extensive and exact, and his philosophical acumen greater than those of any of the three; while he possessed a humor which, although different in species, was scarcely inferior in quality to that of Sydney Smith, a literary knowledge and critical acumen fully equal to those of Jeffrey, and a pure and beautiful English style, which, if it had not quite the gorgeousness and the rush of that of Macaulay, was superior to it in pellucid beauty and artistic finish. For eighteen years he contributed to the *Edinburgh* an average of one article a year. In his preface to the

fifth edition of the collected essays, Mr. Rogers classifies them as "Literary Essays and Theological Essays." This is a utilitarian rather than an exact classification: they are biographical and philosophical, literary and theological. The biographical series includes critical analyses and estimates of Thomas Fuller, Andrew Marvel, Luther, Leibnitz, Pascal, Plato, Descartes, John Locke, and Archer Butler. In these essays Mr. Rogers proved himself a master in philosophical knowledge and acumen. They are permanent additions to philosophical thought, and present to great advantage the constructive as well as the analytical qualities of Mr. Rogers's mind. What Macaulay's essays did for the historical epochs treated in them, that Mr. Rogers's essays did for the philosophical themes, the representative names of which he selected. The essay on the literary genius of Plato is perhaps as fine a criticism of both the disciple of Socrates and his great master as has ever been given to the world. The literary essays are not so numerous. They are on the "Structure and the History of the English Language," "Sacred Eloquence," "Sydney Smith's Lectures," "Huc's Travels in China," and the "Vanity and Glory of Literature." Many remember yet the impression made by the tender and solemn beauty of the latter, in which lights and shades blend as in cloud-land. The theological essays on "Reason and Faith," "Anglicanism," "Ultramontanism," "The Right of Private Judgment," "Rénan's Vie de Jésus," and "Various Phases of Modern Skepticism," were not only important contributions to passing controversies, but are valuable permanent additions to the apologetic literature of Christianity.

Very few of his essays, indeed, are ephemeral in their character; those on "Reform" and "Crime" are such, the very substance of which was a passing phase. Instinctively, Mr. Rogers treated accidental forms in the light of great principles which have universal applications. His essays, therefore, are undiminished in value, even when their accidental occasion has passed away.

In March, 1858, Professor Rogers became



Principal of the Lancashire Independent College at Manchester, which office he filled for nearly twelve years. In 1869 failing health compelled him to resign this office, but for two years more he continued to lecture on philosophy and dogmatic theology. In 1871 he relinquished professorial work altogether. His students, in whom he inspired warm affection as a sympathetic friend and counselor, as well as profound respect for his many great qualities, presented him with his bust in marble. Few men better knew how to evoke latent talent or to encourage modest merit, and few men were more conscientious in professorial work. His students, if worthy, became his life-long friends.

On leaving Manchester he took up his residence at Silverdale, Morecambe Bay, where he resided for two years. In 1873 he removed to Pennal Tower, Machyalleth, in Wales, where he died August 20, 1877. He was buried in the grave of Samuel Fletcher, Esq., his father-in-law, at St. Luke's Church, Cheetham Hill, Manchester.

Through life Mr. Rogers was a prolific writer. He contributed largely to the *British Quarterly Review*, and to *Good Words*. Some of his articles have been reprinted; others have been permitted to remain unacknowledged. Some were of temporary interest, but others were of a character to be permanently valuable. To several important works he wrote introductory essays, notably to Lyttleton's "Letter on the Conversion of St. Paul," in the edition published by the Religious Tract Society, the Introduction fully equaling the apologetic value of the Letter. He collected the letters of eminent Christian men and women, which in 1837 were published under the title of "Montgomery's Christian Correspondent." He wrote "Three Letters to a Friend on the Sunday Question," by N. M. P., which obtained a wide circulation. He contributed also several important articles to the eighth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

His "Eclipse of Faith" was a reply to Professor Francis Newman's "Phases of Faith." It is much more than a mere criticism or polemic. It is constructive in form,

and dramatically exhibits various phases of belief and unbelief in the persons of different interlocutors. It is full of keen satire and argumentative humor, and, as a specimen of dialectical skill and force, can be compared only with the "Provincial Letters." The intellectual side of the Christian argument which this work and some of the "Greyson's Letters" predominantly present has led to the characterization of Mr. Rogers as a "slashing captain" of the "Hard Church." The charge is scarcely just. Mr. Rogers was no doubt supremely skillful in intellectual fence; but that he chose its weapons in these and other instances was not from insensibility or disparagement of the moral and spiritual argument for Christianity, but because it was required by the form of the attack. A man who defends can rarely choose his ground. In this he has not only the justification of Christian apologists of all ages, but also of Jewish prophets and Christian apostles. Whatever the supreme value of the moral argument, it can not be unimportant to fight infidelity with its own chosen weapons, and to show that, in criticism, history, philosophy, and dialectic, it is as feeble as it is in the spiritual domain of things. For this service Mr. Rogers was better qualified than any man of his generation.

The selections from the correspondence of R. E. H. Greyson—the title nearly an anagram of his own name—were published in 1857. They were devised as a vehicle for discussing miscellaneous topics of passing and of general interest in a colloquial and diversified way, to which essays would not have lent themselves. They overflow with wit as delightful as that of Charles Lamb, and with humor as searching as that of Rabelais, and yet they have characteristics wholly his own. He is grave and gay, lively and severe, as the turns of thought and the necessities of argument may require. With an earnest purpose always before him, he pursues it by infinite varieties of method. A letter on "Death-bed Consolations" follows one on "Extemporaneous Cookery." He describes a "Bustling Man," and discusses "Immortality." Prayer, the atone-

ment, neology, novel reading, deism, dyspepsia, homœopathy, mesmerism, beads, transmutation and development theories, are discussed in turn; and his reverence is as deep and his sympathy as tender as his wit is brilliant and his argument cogent. A more delightful book, charged with high purpose, and yet redolent with vivacity, can scarcely be mentioned.

The last, and perhaps the most valuable, of Mr. Rogers's books, "The Superhuman Origin of the Bible Inferred from Itself," was prepared as the Congregational lecture for 1873. It was the result of the thinking of a large portion of his life-time, and the substance of much that he had delivered to his students from the professorial chair. Its literary form is equal to that of his most successful essays. Five editions of it have already appeared, and it bids as fair as any recent book to take a permanent place as a theological classic. It is singular that against both the deistical and the sacramentarian forms of modern theological error, and especially as represented by the two brothers Francis and John Henry Newman, Mr. Rogers should have taken up arms, and that upon both he should have inflicted such damage. Like the Apostle Paul, he opposed

his doctrine of Christ crucified to both the Jew requiring a sign and the Greek seeking after wisdom.

Mr. Rogers was a delightful social companion. Out of a mind stored with all kinds of knowledge, and practiced in dealing with all forms of thought, he poured out a wealth of illustration, argument, and wit, which almost realized the perfection of conversational brilliancy. He never indulged in monologue; he was never pretentious; in no way did he monopolize conversation, or make ordinary men feel that he thought himself their superior. Conversation with him was really such—humor gleamed, wit sparkled, fit anecdote was told, argument was rapidly and skillfully parried, and tender reminiscence was touched. He was an antagonist that few men would willingly encounter; no man could more skillfully expose a fallacy, or impale a pretender; he could be terribly scathing, but this was reserved for fools and for men who rashly and ignorantly assailed sacred things. He was the pleasantest of companions, a warm-hearted and a faithful friend, a devout and holy man, who exemplified what he so well defended,—simple, child-like trust in the love of God and in the salvation of Jesus Christ.

### WINDING TANGLED SKEINS.

WE remember hearing of a shrewd old lady who professed to be able to form a just estimate of the characters of the young friends whom she loved to gather around her in her pleasant home. She used to give them each a difficult skein of thread to wind, they being of course unaware of her motive in so doing, and then she watched how they set to work about it. And the test was undoubtedly a very ingenious one.

Our gentle readers are aware that there is always an end to a skein of thread, and that the first thing they have to do is to get hold of it, which is not always as easy as it may seem. Some want to see through the whole skein at once, and so endeavor to run it out

into a single thread before they begin to wind; but this attempt only causes the most bewildering confusion.

It frequently happens that one gets hold of the wrong end of the skein first; but, even when this is unfortunately the case, it is wonderful how much may be done by patience and perseverance, not forgetting a little gentle humoring whenever it seems inclined to get into a twist or "snarl," which, if not softly and tenderly handled, ends in becoming a hard knot.

Some fling away the tangled skein with an impatient declaration that it is of no use trying to set it right; while others, Alexander-like, cut the Gordian knot they are

too idle to unloose, and thus solve the problem and destroy the material, rendering it a hopeless confusion of odds and ends.

It is certain that some skeins are less easy to wind than others, and require a vast amount of pains in order to bring them to a successful issue.

A great deal undoubtedly depends upon the manner in which the skein is held. Some persons are apt to strain it too tightly; while others hold the threads with so loose a hand as to render them peculiarly liable to fall into confusion; or they suffer them to drop altogether, and thus the whole skein becomes entangled. The observant old lady especially noticed that almost all the fair silk winders invariably flung aside the loose ends and knotless threads as useless, instead of gathering them carefully together, and endeavoring to make the best of them.

Flavel compares the ways of Providence to "a curious piece of arras, made up of a thousand shreds, which singly we know not what to make of, but put together, and stitched up orderly, they represent a beautiful history to the eye." And we may imagine, in like manner, the web of human life with all its varied and wonderful patterns woven out of separate existences—let us for the present call them skeins. Well has the poet said that

"Each spirit weaves the robe it wears  
From out life's busy loom;  
And common tasks and daily cares  
Make up the threads of doom."

The mystic *Parcæ*, or Fates, were supposed by the old Greeks to be constantly at work spinning and cutting the threads of this mysterious web. But we, who are better instructed, rejoice to know and believe that warp, woof, and loom are all in the hands of our Heavenly Father. It is a comforting thought that every individual skein that goes to make up the wonderful whole is placed in that position, or "station of life," be it high or low, rich or poor, into which it hath pleased God to call us.

There is an old German proverb, nevertheless, that "it signifieth much what song is sung beside a child's cradle." Our figure of the skein may give a similar lesson. It

is certain that a great deal depends upon the manner in which a skein is first held; that is, when we are young. Some parents strain it so tightly that there is always danger of the threads breaking suddenly away, and so running wild, and, it may be, getting lost. It is very sad when this is the case, as we have known it to be in more than one instance.

Others, on the contrary, are apt to hold the skein so loosely that it can scarcely help falling into confusion for the want of a restraining hand. It appears to us that the latter extreme is the one into which parents of the present day are most prone to fall. Both, however, are alike productive of very serious consequences. A firm but kindly hand is indispensably necessary in early life.

We commenced by observing that there must always be an end to every skein, and that the first thing we have to do is to get hold of it. Our blessed Savior tells us in that wonderful book, the book of Revelation, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Let us once find this great and glorious aim of Christian life, and lay hold by faith on Jesus Christ, and we shall not mind a few hinderances and difficulties, a few "snarls" and tangles, or even a hard knot or two. As good, old Rutherford says, "The rough places in our road to heaven will only serve to make its rest all the sweeter."

Some persons, we have observed, want to see into the whole skein at once, and so endeavor to run it out at once before they begin to wind, to attempt which only serves to cause the most bewildering confusion. "I find it a great help," says the Rev. John Milne, "not to look at things in the heap, but to take them one by one, hour by hour, day by day,"—thread by thread; to which a well-known author writing on the same theme gives eloquent testimony when she says, "Let us live on from day to day, striving to do our daily duty, and believing that it is a righteous as well as a tender hand which keeps the next day's page carefully folded down." It is well for us that we can not see through the whole skein at once, or we might oftentimes lose heart, and be

tempted to give up all hope of unraveling it. We read in the inspired language of Scripture that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," together with the sweet promise that "as our day so shall our strength be." "Trust in the Lord." Seek for strength to discharge the simple duties of the passing hour, and leave all the rest to him. The day will come when all that is perplexing will be made clear and straight, when there will be no more tangles, no more hard knots, but when we shall know even as we are known.

As we have said, it not unfrequently happens that one gets hold of the wrong end of the skein first. But even when this is the case much may be done, nevertheless.

"Have patience with all things," observes a quaint old writer, "but chiefly with thyself." Nothing tangles the skein of daily life like impatience. Of course there will be much to undo, many threads to unwind, many twists to reverse, and many loops to go through; many mistakes to be set right, many sins and errors to be confessed and repaired. But fear not, only believe, and all will come right at last, God helping us. In taking up the skein of life it is often safest to choose the nearest thread, the duty that lies nearest home, instead of looking out for others that may appear at the time to be more attractive. If this simple rule were only followed, we feel convinced that much of after sorrow and confusion might frequently be avoided.

We have already noticed that some skeins are more difficult to wind than others.

"The life of some," writes Miss Bremer, "is, up to a certain point, a tangle which must be unraveled by friendly hands if it is not to be tightened into an irretrievable knot." Nothing seems to go right with them. They wind on and never get any the forwarder, but are continually falling into difficulties, and divers perplexities and entanglements, and coming to hard knots, and wanting others to help them. Most of our readers can probably recall some such skein. It may be that they have felt hopeless at times of ever setting it straight, and half tempted to leave it as it was, or cut the

Gordian knot at once and have done with it. If it be so, dear reader, your task is, indeed, a trying one. But do not give it up. Nothing is impossible to God. Leave all in his hands in prayer and faith, and he will make it plain in his own time and way.

It is certain that some skeins are less difficult than others, and never seem to get into knots and tangles. Every thing goes smoothly with them. "They are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued like other men." They prosper in the world; they increase in riches; the world envies them; even the believer is staggered at the sight of their prosperity. But what say the Scriptures: "Because they have no changes therefore they fear not God." "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. The sunshine is a glorious and pleasant thing, but after a little while—and more especially in the bright Summer noontide—one is apt to feel dazzled and bewildered, and to need the dark cloud and even the passing storm to refresh and to purify the atmosphere. Smooth paths are not always the safest to walk in. We want a few difficulties, a few rough places now and then, to make us take heed to our ways.

We can not help thinking that if those fair young girls of whom we spoke at the first had known that their kind old friend was always on the watch to see how they set about the winding of their different skeins, it would have rendered them more careful over their tasks, if it had only been to please her, for they all loved her. Well would it be for us as we go on, hour after hour, thread after thread, winding the oftentimes tangled skein of daily life, if we could remember that God sees us, that the eyes of our Father are constantly watching the way in which we set about our work,—if we could feel the constraining love of Him who cares for us.

In conclusion, let us never forget that prayer is the silver thread running throughout the whole web of human existence, "the hem," as Philip Henry calls it, "of all other work, keeping it from unraveling."



## LAST DAYS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

FEW historical scenes have been so frequently attempted on canvas as the execution of Mary Queen of Scots; and yet no painter seems ever to have read the minute accounts given by several eye-witnesses, which have within a few years been brought to light from the dusty manuscripts where they had been buried for two and a half centuries. The scene as it actually occurred transcends in pictorial effect any thing which imagination could create; and the most dextrous playwright would in vain attempt to present upon the mimic stage a tableau more dramatic in grouping, or more effective in color, than that which was presented on the scaffold at Fotheringay Castle, on the 8th of February, 1587.\* For the benefit of some future painter we purpose to present a word-picture of the scene as described in English by Master Richard Wigmore, who had been sent down by the Lord Treasurer Burghley, to inform him of all that took place; in French by Burgoine, the physician of Mary; and in Spanish by Gorion, her faithful friend and apothecary.

Mary was brought to trial at Fotheringay Castle, October 12, 1586, before a commission comprising nearly every English peer, upon a charge of complicity in the plot of Babington for the assassination of Queen Elizabeth, and the invasion of England by the Spaniards. Notwithstanding her emphatic and persistent denial of any complicity in, or even knowledge of, the design of the plot for assassination, Mary was found guilty of having been "not only accessory and privy to the conspiracy, but also an imaginer and compasser of her majesty's destruction." Parliament confirmed the sentence, and both Houses, by a unanimous vote, urged upon Elizabeth that "for the cause of God, of the Church, the realm, and her own person, a just condemnation might be followed by as just an execution." The sentence was announced early in December; but Elizabeth

was for many reasons extremely unwilling to issue the warrant for the public execution of her own nearest kinswoman, and the undoubted heir to her crown. Mary was privately given to understand that mercy should be extended to her if she would confess her guilt. She would not even listen to such a suggestion, declared her innocence of any design upon the life of "her dearest sister," although she avowed, as she had done at her trial, that she had done what she had warned the Queen of England she would do. She had come to England, she said, on the express promise of succor from Elizabeth, had been wrongfully detained a prisoner, and had thrown herself upon the support of the Catholic powers. She took a high and haughty tone; she dared her enemies to do their worst. "They had no more right over her than a highwayman had over an honest person whom he might meet at the corner of a wood. Having condemned her to death, they might complete their work. English kings had been often murdered, and, being of the same blood, it was like enough she would fare no better; but God would avenge her."

She represented herself as about to suffer as a martyr for her faith. And for this, indeed, the English Government had given her plausible reason. In the petition for her execution Parliament had stated, among other reasons, that "she was poisoned with Popery, and was burning to destroy the Gospel in England and every-where. Popery was thriving through her presence, and mercy, if mercy was shown to her, would be cruelty to all loyal subjects." Her almoner, or chaplain, had not been allowed to execute his functions for three years, although he was suffered to remain in the castle. Lord Buckhurst, who had been sent with a copy of the sentence, told her that neither religion nor her majesty herself could be safe while she lived. Mary replied that so far from having intended the death of Elizabeth, she "would not have her suffer the fillip of a finger; but she was happy to give her own

\*The dates are given according to the Old Style, then used in England. According to the New Style they are just ten days later.

life as a sacrifice in the cause of God and the Church." To Elizabeth she wrote urging that her execution might be public, so that the spectators might testify that she died a Catholic, and begging that since the Catholic rites, with which their common ancestors had been buried, were no longer permitted in England, her body might be taken to France. To Catholic potentates she wrote pathetic letters, which her servants found means to secrete and deliver long afterwards. To Philip, of Spain, she wrote that she was dying in the good cause. To her kinsman, the Duke of Guise, that "the House of Lorraine had always been ready with its blood in the Church's quarrel, and now, that she was called upon to shed hers, it should not be said of her that she was degenerate." To the Pope she declared herself a true child of the Holy Church, and averred that she was "coming like the prodigal to Christ, and was offering her blood at the foot of the cross."

But December passed, and January came and went, and still no indication came to Mary that the sentence was to be carried into effect. James, of Scotland, could not for decency's sake do otherwise than make some effort to save the life of his mother. Her near kinsman, the King of France, sent a special ambassador to urge that her blood should not be shed. The ambassador said that if the life of the Queen of Scots were spared "not only his own master, but every prince in Christendom, would become bound for Elizabeth's security; but if she were put to death, the King of France would not only resent the execution on the ground common to all princes, that the Queen of Scots, being a sovereign princess, was not amenable to English laws, but that he should look upon it as a special affront to himself." On the other hand the Council of Elizabeth pressed for the execution as imperatively demanded for the safety of the State, as well as of the royal person. It was not, indeed, easy to say on which side lay the path of safety, or, rather, of least danger. So Elizabeth hesitated. Lord Howard, of Effingham, the same who, eighteen months later, was to save the realm and the Queen

by his victory over the Spanish armada, spoke the decisive word which brought the matter to an issue. He was among the most moderate of all the Council, and was really quite as much a Catholic as a Protestant; but he was above and before all things an Englishman. On the 1st of February, 1587, he presented himself before the Queen, and assured her that the condition of the country was such that there must be no more trifling; some positive action must be taken with the Queen of Scots, and that action must be the immediate execution of the sentence of death. Elizabeth ordered that Davison, the acting Secretary of State, should come to her, bringing the death-warrant. The secretary was close at hand. In a few minutes he appeared bringing a number of papers which required the royal signature, the death-warrant being among them. Elizabeth affixed her signature to all of them, seemingly without taking special notice of their contents. Her first impulse was, apparently, to make it appear that the warrant was signed by accident. But she soon changed her mind, and told Davison to take the warrant to Bromley, the chancellor, have it sealed, and then dispatch it to the persons to whom it was addressed, who were to see the execution done, adding that she wished to hear nothing more about the matter until all was over. But in a few minutes another idea struck her. Three years before, during the alarm excited by an apprehended Spanish invasion, an association, comprising almost every Englishman of note, had been formed, the members of which bound themselves by oath to pursue till death "all manner of persons, of whatsoever estate they be, and their abettors, that shall attempt any act, or counsel or consent to any thing, that shall tend to the harm of her majesty's person." This association had been legalized by act of Parliament, the bond, however, being modified by a clause that "every English subject might, *on her majesty's direction in that behalf*, pursue any person to death by whom, or by whose assent, such act should have been attempted." Sir Amyas Paulet and Sir Drew Drury, the present custodians of Mary, were members

of this association, and Elizabeth's idea was that these men might be induced to put the Queen of Scots to death without any warrant, so that she herself should have no apparent hand in the matter, although under the statute her express direction was necessary to legalize the transaction. She directed Davison to write to Paulet and Drury, she herself dictating the words which they were to use. They were to say that "the Queen had noted in them a lack of that zeal in her service for which she had looked, since they had not of themselves found means to shorten the life of the Queen of Scots. They seemed to care nothing for her nor their country nor their oath; but were casting the burden upon her, knowing her unwillingness to shed blood." The letter was written and sent.

Davison, however, was perfectly assured that Paulet and Drury would not listen to the implied suggestion, but that if Mary was to be executed it must be in virtue of a warrant signed by the queen, and duly sealed by the chancellor. To him, therefore, Davison took the warrant to be sealed. The chancellor affixed the great seal, as a mere matter of form, only noticing that it bore the royal signature. The French ambassador, indeed, wrote to his master that Davison gave Bromley to understand that the paper related to some trifling Irish matter, and did not require his perusal. Not improbably he was correctly informed. But the warrant had now received all the formalities requisite for its legal validity; but still it remained to dispatch it to the persons who were directed to take charge of its execution. Early next morning Davison received a message from Elizabeth, directing him, in case he had not seen the chancellor, to do nothing more until she had spoken with him again. He hastened to the Queen, and told her that the great seal had already been affixed to the warrant, and asked her if she had changed her mind. She said she had not; but complained that the burden was thus thrown upon herself. Davison was in great perplexity what to do. He knew enough of his royal mistress to be assured that if it should suit her purpose she would

not hesitate to shift the responsibility from her own shoulders. Burghley, to whom Elizabeth yielded more than to any of her other ministers, was confined to his bed by gout. To him Davison went, and as many of the Council as were in London were summoned to a private meeting in his chamber. Ten were present, and Burghley laid the whole matter before them. The Queen, he said, had signed the warrant; but there was no doubt that she wished to leave room for throwing the responsibility of its execution upon others. For his own part, he believed that its immediate execution was necessary; he would not act alone, but if the Council would support him, he would venture the hazard. They all agreed with him, and early on Saturday morning, February 4th, Beale, the Secretary of the Council, was sent to Fotheringay Castle with the death-warrant. It was addressed to Andrews, the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, and to five earls, any three of the whole being empowered to act.

On the way Beale crossed the messenger bearing the reply of Paulet, to the suggestion that he should, without warrant from the Queen, take upon himself the responsibility of putting the Queen of Scots to death. "It is an unhappy day for me," he wrote, "when I am required by my sovereign to do an act which God and the law forbid. My goods and life are at her majesty's disposal; but I will not make shipwreck of my conscience, or leave so great a blot to my posterity as shed blood without law or warrant." Elizabeth, ignorant that the death-warrant, which would remove all the scruples of Paulet, was on its way, was enraged. She said Paulet was "a precise fellow, who professed zeal for her safety, but would do nothing when the time came." Two days after, she took Davison to task, "swearing," he says, "a great oath, it was a shame for them all that it was not already done." At that very hour, if she had but known it, the deed had been done; the head of Mary Stuart had fallen under the headman's ax.

Of the five earls to whom the warrant was directed, only Shrewsbury and Kent happened to be in the neighborhood of

Fotheringay. These, with the Sheriff and Beale, were assembled at the castle on the morning of Tuesday, February 7th. At eight or nine in evening, so writes Burgoine, Beale presented himself in the ante-chamber to Mary's apartments, and asked if the lady had retired. He was told that she was preparing for bed, and was partially undressed. Mary, hearing of this, hastily threw on her mantle, and directed that Beale should be admitted. He expressed briefly his regret that he was to be the bearer of such grievous tidings, adding: "But I can do nothing less than obey the commandment which the Queen has given, which is, madame, to admonish you, as I now do, to dispose and hold yourself ready to-morrow, at the 10th hour of the morning, to suffer the execution of the sentence of death, which has been pronounced on you a little time ago."

Mary was taken by surprise. She had come to believe that, after all, the sentence would not be carried into execution; and now she knew that there was no hope, and hardly ten brief hours of delay. But she bore herself bravely. She replied "with great firmness, that she thanked and praised God that it pleased him to put an end to the miseries which she had been compelled to endure;" but protested that she "had never designed to injure the Queen of England, and that she went to render her spirit into the hands of her Maker with a pure heart, innocent, and of a conscience clear of the crimes which had been imputed to her." Master Wigmore, who probably got his information from Beale, writes to Burghley:

"She seemed not to be in any terror for aught that appeared by any outward gesture or behavior (other than marveling she should die); but, rather, with smiling cheer and pleasing countenance digested and accepted the said admonition of preparation to her (as she said) unexpected execution; saying that her death should be welcome unto her, seeing her Majesty was so resolved; and that souls were far unworthy of the joys of heaven forever whose body would not be content in this world to endure the stroke of the executioner. And that spoken she wept bitterly, and became silent."

If there were any giving way, it was but momentary; for, says Burgoine, "Her attendants began to scream and shed tears; but she comforted them, and begged them to watch and pray to God continually with her, which they did till an hour or two after midnight, when she threw herself on her bed for half an hour; when she arose and went into her private oratory, praying until break of day. Then she went into her cabinet to write." Gorion gives some further details of what passed during that night. She wrote a note for her chaplain, De Preau, telling him that she had meant to receive the blessed sacrament; but as this had been denied her, she must content herself with a general confession. She bade him watch through the night and pray for her; perhaps in the morning, when she was brought out for execution, she might see him and receive his blessing. This, however, was not to be, for the chaplain was not permitted to be present at the execution. She supped cheerfully with her attendants, drinking with them a farewell—almost a sacramental—glass of wine. When the other attendants had been dismissed, she took Gorion aside, and said that she wished to send a diamond to Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador at Paris, and another to Philip of Spain, which was to be a token that she was dying for the truth, and also to bespeak his care for her friends and servants. The apothecary said that he would melt some drug, and conceal the diamonds in it, until he could find means of delivering them. She bade Gorion tell Philip that it was her last prayer that, notwithstanding her death, he should persevere in the project of the invasion of England, for it was God's cause, and worthy of the greatness of the King of Spain, adding: "And when His Majesty is master of England, let him bear in mind the treatment I have received from the Treasurer Burghley, the Earl of Leicester, the Secretary Walsingham, Amyas Paulet, and Wade." To Elizabeth, according to Burgoine, she sent a message, which we may well imagine was never delivered. "Tell her," she said, "the judgments of God will follow her so closely and strictly that her



own conscience will accuse her all her life, and God after her death, with my innocence, in which I will fearlessly render my spirit into his hands."

The two hours passed in her cabinet, after she had finished her orisons, must have been busy ones. During that time she wrote her will, a long document, in which she gave minute directions as to the disposal of the considerable money in her immediate possession, and directing the King of France what disposal he was to make of that which was due to her as Dowager Queen of France. She then called her maids, and began to attire herself for execution. One can scarcely doubt that she had rehearsed with them the manner in which her part should be enacted in case the long drama of her life should end upon the scaffold. So skillfully was her part arranged, and so admirably was it performed, that one might almost fancy that the scene had been so ordered, that Kent and Shrewsbury, the sheriff, and Paulet were compelled to play their parts in just the manner which she could have wished. At eight in the morning, says Burgoine, she was interrupted by a message from Beale and Paulet demanding her presence. She sent out to ask for a delay of half an hour, which was granted, they remaining in the ante-chamber. When the half-hour was past the doors were thrown open, and the Queen of Scots entered the ante-chamber, attired as befitted a widowed Queen of France. Paulet and Beale might well be astonished, for they had never seen her dressed except in a plain gray robe. She had even been so attired at her trial.

Painters have persisted in depicting Mary Stuart at this time as in the full flush of her early beauty, forgetting the eighteen long years of her imprisonment, and the months of illness which she had experienced. She had just entered her forty-fifth year; but time, which had robbed her of much of her youthful loveliness, had spared her unequaled grace, and had added to the imposing dignity of her aspect.

Master Richard Wigmore gives to his patron a word-picture of her as she now appeared to him. She was "of stature tall,

of body corpulent, round-shouldered, her face fat, double-chinned, and hazel-eyed; her borrowed hair *aborne*;" that is, elaborately arranged. He goes on to describe her dress, with almost the precision of a milliner. "Her attire was this: on her head she had a dressing of lawn, edged with bone lace; a pomander-chain, and an Agnus Dei about her neck; a crucifix in her hand; a pair of beads at her girdle, with a silver cross at the end of them. A veil of lawn fastened to her caul, bowed out with wire, and edged round about with bone lace. Her gown was of black satin, painted, with a train and long sleeves to the gown, set with acorn-buttons of jet, trimmed with pearls, a pair of purple sleeves under them. Her kirtle whole, of figured black satin." He proceeds to describe even her under-garments—which, of course, he could have seen only after the execution—down to her "green silk gaiters," "worsted nether-stockings clocked with silver," and "white Jersey hose next to her leg."

Supported by her attendants—for, owing to a rheumatic affection, she walked with difficulty—she passed toward the hall in which she had been tried. The many members of her household were grouped before the door. She looked in vain for her chaplain; but he had not been allowed to be present even there. To Sir Andrew Melville, long her master of household, she said, "I pray thee to carry this message from me, that I die a true woman to my religion, and like a true queen of Scotland and France; but God forgive them that have long desired my end, and thirsted for my blood, as the hart doth for the water-brook. Commend me to my son, and tell him that I have not done any thing prejudicial to the state and kingdom of Scotland." She did not tell him that she had solemnly bequeathed to Philip of Spain all her rights in the English crown. Shrewsbury, Kent, and the others were waiting for her in the hall; and then ensued a scene which Master Wigmore shall describe. After making some requests in behalf of her faithful servants, she added: "I conjure you, lastly, that it would please the lords to permit my poor

distressed servants to be about me at my death, that their eyes and hearts may see and witness how patiently their queen and mistress would endure her execution, and so make relation, when they come into their own country, that she died a true constant Catholic to her religion." The Earl of Kent, a stern Protestant, replied: "Madame, that which you have desired can not be conveniently granted; for if it should it were to be feared lest some of them, with speech or behavior, would both be grievous to your Grace, and troublesome and unpleasing to us and our company, whereof we have had some experience. For if such an access might be allowed, they would not stick to put some superstitious trumpery in practice, and if it were but in dipping their handkerchiefs in your Grace's blood, whereof it were very unmeet for us to give allowance." To this brutal refusal Mary replied that she would answer for it that nothing of the kind should be done, and pressed her request again, adding, pathetically: "I hope your mistress, being a maiden queen, will vouchsafe, in regard of womanhood, that I shall have some of my own people about me at my death; and I know her Majesty hath not given you any such strait commission but that you might grant me a request of far greater courtesy than this, even if I were a woman of far meaner calling than the Queen of Scots." Seeing that the lords still hesitated, she exclaimed, bursting into tears, "I am the cousin of your queen, and descended from the blood-royal of Henry the Seventh, am a married queen of France, and an anointed queen of Scotland."

The lords could not for very shame persist in their refusal; and, after a long consultation, agreed that she might choose six of her attendants to accompany her to the scaffold. She selected Melville, Gorion, Burgoine, and another not named, who is described as an old man, and whom some suppose to have been De Preau, her chaplain, in disguise,—but this is not probable; most likely it was her surgeon. Elizabeth Kennedy, her old nurse, and Barbara Mowbray, a favorite young tiring-woman, made up the six.

This point, essential to the carrying out of

what she designed to follow, having been gained, Mary said, "Now, let us go;" and the cavalcade passed down the broad stairway into the great banqueting-hall of the castle, where were gathered some three hundred knights and gentlemen of the county, who had been admitted to witness the execution, and many of whom, according to Master Wigmore, had been waiting there all the long Winter night. The tables and forms had all been removed. A great fire was blazing in the ample fireplace, casting its red glare from one side, while on the other shone through the windows the cold gray light of that February morning. Near the center of the hall, but just above the fireplace, was the scaffold, four yards square, and two and a half feet high, surrounded by a low railing. On the scaffold was a block, with a square cushion behind it; behind this was a chair for the queen, and on the right of this two chairs for the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury. The ax, not a regular executioner's ax, but the common rude implement used by wood-choppers, leaned against the railing at the back, and beside this were the two black-masked executioners. Platform, railing, cushion, and chairs were all covered with black cloth. Around the scaffold were a guard of halberdiers to keep an open space near the scaffold, while the remainder of the hall was densely packed with spectators.

Slowly the procession filed through the great door, which was closed and bolted behind them. The queen ascended the scaffold with a calm and even smiling countenance, and took her seat, the earls, the sheriff, and Beale following. Dr. Fletcher, the Dean of Peterborough, whose spiritual services had been coldly declined by Mary, was standing in the space kept clear by the guard, and into this space the six attendants of Mary were admitted.

Beale then read the warrant of execution. "Madame," said Shrewsbury, when the reading was ended, "you hear what we are commanded to do." "You will do your duty," said Mary, and arose as if to kneel in prayer. Fletcher now thought it time to exercise his spiritual functions. Bending lowly, he be-

gan: "Madame, the Queen's most excellent majesty,"—two or three times he repeated the words before he could get fairly into the set speech which he had prepared for the occasion, of which Master Wigmore has given at least the outline. Getting at last under way, he began his exhortation, which was divided into three heads. The Queen was admonished to consider "First, her state past, and transitory glory; second, her condition present, of death; third, her estate to come, either of everlasting happiness or perpetual infelicity." Three or four times Mary interrupted him, begging him not to trouble himself on her behalf, "for," said she, "I know that I am settled in the ancient Catholic and Roman religion, and in defense thereof, by God's grace, I mind to spend my blood."

At last the earls thought it time to come to the relief of the dean, who was becoming bewildered. "Madame," said one of them, "we will pray for your Grace, with Mr. Dean, that you may have your mind lightened with the true knowledge of God and his Word." "My lords," replied Mary, "if you will pray with me, I will even from my heart thank you, and think myself greatly favored by you; but to join in prayer with *you*, in your manner, who are not of one religion with me, it were a sin, and I will not."

The doubly baffled earls now bade the dean to "go on with what else he had to say." He broke out into a long prayer, which, if Master Wigmore correctly reports it, must have been carefully prepared beforehand; and "all the assembly except the Queen and her servants joined." But loud over the voice of the dean, and through the reponses of the three hundred, rose and swelled the clear tones of Mary Stuart, praying for herself and in her own fashion. She recited in Latin the penitential Psalms, introducing at intervals petitions in English; and when at last the dean had come to an end, she continued wholly in English. She prayed for the Church, for her son, and for Elizabeth. She prayed God to avert his wrath from England. She forgave her enemies; she besought the saints to intercede for her; and then crossing her breast and kissing the cru-

cifix, exclaimed, "Even as thy arms, O Jesu, were stretched out upon the cross, so receive me into thy mercy and forgiveness."

As she rose from her knees the two executioners stepped forward, and, in the customary phrase, begged her forgiveness for what they were about to do. "I forgive you," she replied, "for now I hope you shall end all my troubles." They offered their help to arrange her attire, and, according to one account, awkwardly, perhaps not unkindly, pulled off the purple undersleeves, leaving the arms bare. "Truly, my lords," she said, with a smile to the earls, "I never had such grooms in waiting before." They could not do other than permit her two women to ascend the scaffold and assist her. They carefully removed the wired lawn veil from the head-dress, and hung it over the black rail. She laid the golden crucifix upon her chair. The chief executioner took it up as his lawful perquisite. Some one—Wigmore says it was the Queen herself, but more probably one of the earls—told him to leave it where it was, and he should have his perquisites in money. The flowing black robe was removed, and under it was a petticoat of crimson satin; the black jacket was removed, and under it was a close-fitting body of crimson satin. One of the women handed her a pair of sleeves of crimson satin, which she hastily drew over her bare arms. Almost in the twinkling of an eye the stately figure, amply draped in black, had been transformed into a living statue succinctly clad in fiery crimson—the color of martyrdom.

The painter is restricted to a single moment of time. This is the moment which our painter shall choose. In it are concentrated every feature of dramatic incident, of effective grouping, and of gorgeous coloring. The black platform and rail and chairs, only relieved by the delicate veil and golden cross hanging or lying thereon; on the scaffold, the courtly Shrewsbury in the rich attire befitting his rank, and the stern Kent, clad in the somber colors already affected by the Puritans; the motionless, black-masked executioners; the two women, one old and the other in the freshness of youth; and, central and dominating over all, the crim-

son-clad form of Mary Stuart. Below, and within the circle of guards, the Dean of Peterborough, hardly recovered from his recent discomfiture; Beale and Paulet and Drury, and the four servants of Mary; while pressing upon the ring of halberdiers, and filling every corner of the spacious hall, are the throng of knights and gentlemen who had waited so long for the spectacle, little dreaming of the strange aspect which it had been foreordained to assume—all this seen under the mingled and crossing lights of the fire blazing in the great chimney on the one side, and the cold, gray rays of that February morning streaming in from the windows on the other sides of the hall.

The two women, who had hitherto held up bravely, began to give way, bursting out into spasmodic sobs. "Do not cry," said Mary, soothingly, in French; "I have promised for you." They restrained themselves, while she made upon them the sign of the cross, and bade them pray for her. She knelt again upon the cushion, and the young Barbara Mowbray bound her eyes with a white cloth, embroidered with gold threads. Some say it was a Corpus Christi napkin, emblematic of the white linen cloth in which had been wrapped the body of the crucified Redeemer. Mary smiled and waved her hand to the women, saying "*Adieu, adieu, au revoir.*" Their pious work was done, and they stepped softly down from the scaffold. Mary, still kneeling, repeated in Latin the Psalm, "*In te, Domine, confido.*—In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust." Then, with hands crossed upon her breast, she murmured, "*In manus, Domine, tuas, commendo animam meam.*—Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," and so awaited the fatal stroke. "She had knelt upright," says Burgoine, "expecting that her head would be stricken off, as in France, by a blow of the sword; but the executioner, with his assistant, placed her head on the block, and then struck a blow." The blow was unskillfully given, and fell upon the thick knot of the napkin, and scarcely broke the skin. Perhaps the handle of the awkward weapon turned in his hand, and so the blow was not given fairly with the edge; but its force

stunned her, for she neither moved nor spoke. Again he struck with better aim—twice more, says Burgoine, but others did not observe this third blow, if such there were. Still the head hung to the trunk by a shred of integument, which the executioner severed by a saw-like movement of the axe.

As the executioner raised the head aloft, to show that his work was complete, the coif, with its elaborately arranged "borrowed hair" fell off, and exposed that of the queen herself, "cut short," says Master Wigmore, "and gray as that of a woman of three-score." As the head was held up to view the Dean of Peterborough exclaimed, "So perish all the enemies of the queen!" and a loud "Amen" from three hundred throats resounded through the great hall. "Such end," said the stern Earl of Kent, as he rose and bent over the headless trunk, "to the queen's and the Gospel's enemies!"

Another striking moment for the painter would be that in which the Queen of Scots was kneeling, blindfolded, awaiting the expected stroke of the sword. Upon the scaffold at that time were only Mary, the two earls, and the executioners; while below would be Elizabeth Kennedy and Barbara Mowbray, with averted faces, most likely in the act of descending from the scaffold.

In removing the queen's garments it was found that a pet lapdog had somehow managed to hide itself in their flowing folds. When discovered there it gave a sharp cry, and seated itself between the head, which had been laid down on the scaffold, and the neck, from which the blood was still spouting. Orders had been given that every thing which the queen had worn, or upon which any of her blood could have fallen, should be burned. And for this purpose, not for comfort, the great fire had been kindled in the chimney. Every article of her attire—the crucifix, beads, Corpus Christi napkin, and the black cloth on the scaffold—was flung into the fire. The lapdog was carefully washed, and the bloody water disposed of. The doors of the hall were then opened, and the spectators suffered to go their ways. The two women were permitted to wrap up the gray, trunkless head, and take it with



them. The body, after being stripped and examined in the presence of the earls was rudely embalmed, or rather salted, and placed in one of the inner apartments of the castle which had been her prison. And so all was over.

Most likely the coincidence was undesigned; but it was just twenty years, lacking as many hours, since that other fatal February morning, from which dated all the woes of Mary Stuart, when Darnley, her unworthy second husband, was foully murdered—whether with or without her complicity, who shall now dare speak with certainty?

If Mary died, as she would have it, a martyr for the faith and for its re-establishment in England, she suffered in a lost cause. In a few brief months the great Spanish Armada lay wrecked all along the stormy waters which girdle the British Isles, and with it passed away the dream of reconverting England to the Catholic faith.

For weeks and months the body of Mary

Stuart lay in Fotheringay Castle, watched over by her faithful servants in turn, on bended knees and with murmured prayers, until at length these pious observances were pronounced to be rites of "Popish superstition," and their continuance was forbidden. In July following her death the remains were borne to Peterborough Cathedral, and buried by the side of those of Catherine of Aragon, the first wife of Henry the Eighth. Elizabeth closed her long reign fifteen years later, and James, the son of Mary, acceded to the throne of England. Ten years later he had the dust of his mother removed to Westminster Abbey, and placed in a stately tomb facing one which he had also built for Elizabeth. About the same time he ordered Fotheringay Castle, where she had suffered, to be demolished. Not one stone was left upon another. Its very foundations were torn up; and now tradition only vaguely points out a gentle hill, somewhere upon which the castle once stood.

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### THOU LOVEDST ME.

O LORD, thou lovedst me, ere shone the light  
 Upon the worlds thy voice had called to be;  
 Ere yet the sun, rejoicing in his might,  
 Shed life in floods athwart their orbits bright:  
 My God, thou lovedst me.

Thou lovedst me, when hung the lifeless frame  
 Of Jesus Christ upon the accursed tree;  
 When to redeem me from the eternal flame  
 Thy holy Son endured my sin and blame;  
 My God, thou lovedst me.

Thou lovedst me, when fires of love divine,  
 Lit in my heart by thy good Spirit free,  
 Opened new heavens upon my soul to shine;  
 When peaceful fruits of righteousness were mine;  
 My God, thou lovedst me.

And thou wilt love me:—whom thy love hath crowned.  
 Nor sin, nor earth, nor hell shall pluck from thee:  
 Where sin abounded, grace doth more abound:  
 Only my love to thine be answering found,  
 O thou, who lovest me!

## AMONG THE THORNS.

## CHAPTER XIII.

"COULD there possibly be any thing more exasperating than for Hugh to fall ill and keep them waiting at Norfolk?" said Florence Reid, glancing at an open letter, which her mother had just placed in her hand.

"I told his father so," answered Mrs. Thorn. "I knew he would take him away, and have the comfort all to himself, and bring him home ill for me to nurse."

Absorbed as she seemed in some private vexation of her own, Florence yet saw the injustice in her mother's remark, and, as her own unreasonableness did not induce patience with the unreasonableness of others, she responded somewhat sharply:

"Aunt Patience will doubtless save you that trouble by nursing my brother herself."

"You speak as if I would allow Aunt Patience, or any one else, to spare me, Floy,—I, who have nursed him all his life. Furthermore, I doubt if she arrived before they left Florida. The letter does not mention her being with them."

"That's true," said Florence, glancing over it again, and reading snatches in an undertone—"no danger," "best of care," "delay of a few days, more or less, according to the rapidity of his recovery." "It's vexatious; but I see nothing to make *you* doleful," and she tossed the letter on the table and turned to the window, answering the patter of the falling rain with her fingertips upon the glass.

It was a dreary day, and the old elm was dashing rain-drops against the window of the library, where Mrs. Thorn sat before the fire in her husband's great arm-chair. Her countenance was very placid, considering the recent announcement of the illness of her only son; far more placid than that of her daughter, who, to judge from the little frown below, the pale, fluffy waves of her hair, and two sulky lines that inclosed her mouth in a parenthesis, was taking the bad news very much to heart.

The fingers kept up the restless tapping till her mother looked around at her, an agrieved expression creeping over her face.

"I do indeed think you are the most heartless daughter any poor mother ever had. Here am I, left alone, my boy ill, and you—you show no more feeling than a wooden doll."

"Nonsense, mother," said the girl, impatiently; "I feel as much as any one. This news annoys *me* far more than it can any body else, but,"—seeing her mother was ready to cry—she added, "now if you do that I shall go to my room, and stay there! It makes me perfectly wild to see hysterics."

"Florence Reid! And in my state of health!"

"Now, mother," said Florence, softening her voice and manner, for she knew by experience the power of a diversion, "only think how the whole Winter has been spoiled for me!" Her mother sobbed with her handkerchief to her eyes, but Florence knew she would listen.

"Just as the season begins, and I am ready to enjoy myself, away goes papa! Of course I lose half the pleasures for lack of an escort. Then, after a few parties, you think you are too feeble—"

"I was too feeble," came from behind the *mouchoir*.

"Yes, you were too feeble to go out, and so I had no *chaperon*. Then the people you bring to the house bore me to death; and to the people whom *I* like either you or papa objects. There's Harry, for instance—"

"I'm sure I have made no objection to him," interrupted Mrs. Thorn, with a resentful sniff; "and I do n't see why your father objects. He is a very nice young man, and I have said so over and over again."

"So you have, mamma; and the misery of it is, that I *do* see that he *is n't* altogether a nice young man. But what in the world is a girl to do? I can not sit in a corner and work worsted dogs."

"I am sure you have been out very often, Florence."

"So I have; too often, unless we entertain at home. And I had planned for one more grand reception. I meant to cancel all my social obligations, besides inviting every body I wanted."

"It would have been impossible in your father's absence, Floy."

"Not at all, mamma. I have not needed my friends to condole with me, and have not entertained them with the family woe. So the few who know papa is gone do not know why he went, or care when he returns. It would have been perfectly easy, and I was about to talk it over with you"—Mrs. Thorn lifted her brows doubtfully—"when the news came that started Aunt Patience south. Of course, I gave it up, expecting daily to hear Uncle Robert was dead."

"He must be dead, and we have missed a letter. Your father never would have left him while he lingered."

"But, mother," exclaimed Florence, seizing the hope that it might not be too late for her pleasure, "what right have we to infer his death? Perhaps he has left his brother with Aunt Patience; perhaps he found the climate bad for Hugh."

"Perhaps ten thousand things, child," began Mrs. Thorn, impatiently.

"Then you were always writing that you needed him," persisted Florence. "And he would surely never write without mentioning Uncle Robert, if he had died."

"Yes he would; that's exactly like him. If he tells me the fact of his death and the date of his burial, it is all I shall hope to hear."

"Well, one need n't grieve over that. I never could comprehend why people liked to know all the dreadful details of things done and endured at such times. It's much better to think of a friend as having gone out some fine day and never come in again."

"Do n't talk so, Floy! You have such dreadful ideas."

"You flatter me by allowing me *any*, mamma. I have this one certainly just now, that we are crossing our bridge before we come to it. Why it's absurd to suppose

papa would not have mentioned Uncle Robert's daughter, the girl with the queer, outlandish name, if her father were gone, and she were coming home with him."

"True," said Mrs. Thorn, wavering, "but then we must have missed a letter."

"Well, mamma, if you insist on going out to meet this misery, I shall not keep you company. Uncle Robert may not die after all, and it is early enough to be afflicted when they arrive and it is expected of us. They can not come now for ten days, and I want to give the reception and have at least one more cheerful time."

"I can not give my consent, Florence."

"Oh, yes you will, mother dear. I will take all the trouble; and then when it's all over you shall see how dutiful and comforting I will be. I will even play the sympathetic guardian angel to the poor orphan."

"I hope you will; for with my nerves I don't know what in the world I'm to do with her. Of course the care will all fall on *me*, and your father will expect me to console her, no matter how I suffer myself. As if an invalid son was n't enough for one mother to nurse!"

"Never you mind, mother; you give me the party, and I'll take on myself the duty of chief consoler. I'll never let her know I don't enjoy my mourning. Kate Campbell says she thinks it will be quite becoming."

"What would the party cost, Florence?"

"Oh, mother, there's Harry's coupé at the door. How funny the coachman looks in that rubber wrap! and how cross at being ordered out in the storm! And there's Harry himself. Now is n't he a love to come and enliven this dull day? I can talk the party over with him, and make him help with the list. Cost? Cost did you say? Oh, not much; for I should not need a new dress, at least, I think not. Yes, Tom, say I will be down directly." And she went so directly that her mother had no time for further remonstrance.

And Mrs. Thorn sat by the fire while the wind and rain quarreled outside, and considered the objections she must make quickly, if at all. There was force in all Florence said.

she reflected. If Richard proposed to exclude Harry Field, he should surround her daughter with other friends. It *would* be dreary after they came. Richard had no right to expect them to mourn with him if he would not tell his sorrow; no right to expect her to refuse her daughter the indulgence of a party because of his vague hints concerning economy. Let Richard trust her as she chose to fancy other men trusted their wives, and no woman could be so ready to sacrifice herself. He would be displeased at her consent; Floy would be displeased at her denial. So she would suffer in either event; but she would not take a present discomfort to save the future one. She did not think this all out definitely, but mused about it vaguely, till her spiritless musing, like the lazy wash of a sluggish stream against a weakened barrier, undermined the wall of her resolution.

And down in the parlor Florence talked it over with Harry Field, partly because there was no time to be lost, and partly because it kept him from talk which she liked less to hear. Glad of any thing that made him indispensable to her, he entered eagerly into her scheme, placing himself entirely at her service, with many friendly suggestions which would have seemed less disinterested could she have read his thoughts. They were whispering to him that Mr. Thorn must be a very rich man to admit of such a scale of expenditure as Florence proposed. He grew abstracted, and twirled his mustache as if he would twist from it the secret of how to make sure of this non-committal and slippery little puss, when she brought him back by the apparently innocent mention of a rival, whose name he had purposely omitted from the list, "a dear fellow, whom she would n't leave out for the world."

Between these two there was a mutual understanding. She had given a half-reluctant consent to be his wife, in an hour when the home-life chafed her spirit till she was ready to welcome any escape; but she made a condition that he should guard their secret till she should consent to have it known. He was not at all the sort of man she had meant to marry, but that sort had never asked her,

and Harry was more agreeable than any one who had. She grew tired of his talk about himself and his belongings, and sometimes wondered if she could endure breakfast, dinner, and tea, three hundred and more days in a year, for indefinite years, with that shining bald head and the pale blue orbs and the flaxen mustache for her *vis-a-vis*. But then she supposed she should get used to it; other women did; and he had "nice" manners, and would have a "nice" fortune; mothers thought him a great chance, and he certainly thought himself one. Why should she not marry him, then, if nothing better offered? There was that unaccountable prejudice of Mr. Thorn's, which only made him the more interesting; for it supplied an element of romance that nothing in himself could furnish for the imagination of a girl. For he had n't even the personal beauty of hair, the absence of which from the head of a lover is harder to bear sometimes than the absence of brains.

Yet Harry Field—bald and blonde, reputed rich, really poor, in debt, in love, voted a "swell" by young men, and "sweet" by young women—was not, as Richard Thorn believed him to be, altogether and hopelessly bad. He was only another product of godless generations of men whose vices dominated their virtues and of women whose weaknesses surpassed their strength. But in this case vices and weaknesses alike had been kept by wealth and good fortune under the glamour of society's smile, till it ignored the thoroughly apparent fact that the race had degenerated until the present bearer was utterly unworthy of the good old name he bore.

He was in love with Florence Reid, or as nearly in love with her as he could be with any one. She had the second place, certainly, in his estimation, the first being occupied by Harry Field. He long ago decided to marry whenever he met the proper combination of pretty girl and ducats which would meet the profound necessities of his lordly nature. When it was whispered that Mr. Thorn had lost heavily in business, somehow in his mind, naturally enough, the ducats came first; but this rainy day, when



he thought about the expensive party, Florence came first, and he was more than ever eager to have their mutual understanding announced.

But Florence said, "No, not yet;" and though he submitted, the longing to be the envy of all the other fellows remained. So it was not strange that after dinner at his club, when, over the wine, the talk turned to society topics, he mentioned the coming party as an affair that would "turn the old gentleman's pockets inside out."

"Mighty pretty girl, Harry, and Thorn has a mint," said Fred Watson, nodding wisely as he rolled his cigarette. "He is a lucky fellow that gets his hands into that pile."

This was too much for the mixture of vanity and champagne working in Harry's brain, so he gave them just a hint as to who the "lucky fellow" was to be, and the hint led to a partial confidence, and the confidence, aided by another bottle of Heidsieck, overflowed in a full confession of every thing he did not mean to tell. Of course they were all bound on their honor, and so they only told a few others on their honor; and thus it chanced that days before the party it was well known that Harry Field and Florence were "engaged."

It was the night of the party, a glorious night, clear and cold, with countless stars glistening in the dark depths of the Wintery sky. A broad field of light spread its inviting glow from the brilliant windows of the old Thorn mansion. Across it weird shadows danced and flickered, for there was breeze enough to make the twigs of the old elm quiver. Carriage after carriage rolled up, and daintily clad damsels and dames descended and vanished under the awning. Tall policemen kept back a staring throng, on the fringes of which draggled belated workmen, ragged newsboys, and even hollow-eyed old women, looking homeless and cold.

There is a pitiful pathos in the curiosity of such a crowd, gathering at church doors to watch for a bridal party, or crowding under the lights—as if they were warmer there than in the darkness—watching bright figures pass through the doors of mansions

into a world of which they know no more than they know of heaven. To-night they caught glimpses of beauty in festal garments, they breathed the fragrance of flowers and heard sweet strains of music; and yet within there were countless blossoms and smiles which they could not see, and low words and laughter which they could not hear, and pleasure in which they had no share.

It was all as brilliant as even Florence could desire. She had changed her mind about the new dress, and was beautiful in a robe of sea-green velvet, over the shimmer of which the white lace tossed, lightly as foam on the curling crest of a wave. She wore one water-lily shining through half-shut green leaves, the golden brown of whose edges seemed stolen from the hair where it hid, and a cluster of water-lilies at her throat. It needed only a girdle of trailing sea-grasses, held by a clasp of coral, to complete the impression of her beauty, which seemed half of the sea and half of the sky; but which was—alas for the commonplace combinations that produce artistic effects!—only a product, the factors of which were, a delicate constitution, a modulated gaslight, and a skillful *couturière*.

There were toilets of far greater splendor than Floy's, but the "crush" was quite sufficient to prevent a full appreciation of their beauty, if not to insure their complete destruction. Madame Thorn was magnificent in all the glory of velvet and diamonds, and in the excitement of the hour forgot, for once, to bemoan any of her misfortunes. But for the presence of her daughter she could for the time have fancied herself again the attraction of a brilliant assembly at the nation's capital, the admiration of the gay circle in which she had moved as the daughter of Senator A., the fascinating wife or the still more fascinating widow of Leonard Reid.

No one who saw her would have fancied that she was an unwilling sacrifice to the welfare of her daughter, as she thought herself to be. She seemed to be sailing quite on the crest of the wave of pleasure, that, breaking, flooded the whole beautiful man-

sion with happy talk, with feasting, and with dancing to the bewildering music which lovers of the dance declared called them as the fife of the piper called the children of Hamelin town.

And Florence was fully gratified; followed by admiring eyes as she flitted here and there among her guests, dancing with one, flirting—yes, I must admit it—with more than one, especially, when Harry Field was near. Coquetry was a part of her inheritance, and she could not let her weapons rust, especially when she knew she had Harry to thank for the frequent whispered congratulations of her friends. She answered them with no acknowledgment beyond a look of cold, puzzled inquiry, and she plied pitilessly upon the offender the lash of an indifferent disfavor. He had never seen her so bewildering and bewitching, and never wanted her more for his wife! but she would hardly have dared trust herself to him if she had seen the jealous anger she aroused, and which he was hiding under the quiet society smile.

It was after midnight. The gayety was at its height, and music and light and laughter combined to make the scene one of enchantment.

Mrs. Thorn was in the full glow of the consciousness of admiring envy on the part of her friends,—for herself, her charming daughter, and her rarely beautiful home,—when up to the door rolled a carriage, and from it descended a slight figure veiled in deepest black, followed by Rachel Huldah Hopkins, laden with bandbox, bag, and the inevitable “umberell.”

“Have you not made a mistake?” asked the polite attendant who opened the carriage-door, as the young lady looked around bewildered, and drew back.

“Wall, I calkerlate I know where I be; but what’s goin’ on?”

“It’s a reception; Mrs. Thorn gives a party to-night. Perhaps you do n’t care to go in, if you’re not expected,” said the hired servant, glancing at the odd figure with a supercilious smile, which was interpreted by the lingering bystanders into permission to increase their grin into a laugh.

“Say, you reporter,” shouted a newsboy to a seedy-looking individual, who, notebook in hand, was stretching his neck in search of another item, “put her down, ‘Miss Methusily Noah, jest out o’ the ark, comin’ to a party with a water-proof and a blue umbrelly!’”

A policeman made a dash at the offender, who, ducking under the elbows of a fat man, ran, laughing, down the street, while Rachel, nothing abashed, exclaimed:

“Not go in! Wall, I hain’t traveled hundreds o’ miles, and been seasick into the bargain, not to go in. Step one side, young man. I knew this house ’fore you’d done yer teethin’; though I must say I never went into it afore through a blue and white caliker tunnel. Come along, Miss Rubetty;” and seizing the frightened girl by the hand she drew her after her under the awning. At the other end, as they mounted the steps, they were met by a still more dignified English attendant, who stared, without opening the door.

This was too much. Rachel was fast becoming, what she called in her after-recital to Aunt Patience, “riled” to the point of “bilin’ over.” She drew herself up in an attitude worthy of her tragic namesake, and broke forth:

“What do you mean, you little, spindle-legged, good-for-nothin’ piece, a snickerin’ in the face of Miss Rubetty Thorn and Rachel Huldah Hopkins? Open that door. And don’t ye give me any of yer white-chokered, swaller-tailed, side-whiskered impydence, ef you do n’t want me to take ye over my knee!”

And the stiff young man unbent as suddenly as if he feared the threat were to be at once executed, and threw open the door, keeping at a respectful distance from the hand that held the wrathful umbrella. There was but one revenge possible to his impotent defiance, and that was to announce, in a high key:

“Miss Betty Thorn and Miss Rachel ’Uldy ’Opkinks!”

Clearly the names rang out above the music, the dance, and the talk, and many eyes turned to the strange-looking pair,

while men adjusted their eye-glasses, and well-bred maidens whispered and tittered behind their fans. From the inner room Mrs. Thorn saw the arrival, and, comprehending at once the situation, seized "Tom," who was bearing a tray through the crowd, and whispered:

"Take them up-stairs at once, Tom; don't delay an instant!"

But before they were half up the broad stairway Florence saw them, and yielding to some sudden, gracious impulse, either of uncontrollable curiosity or of real kindness, darted from the group of merry young friends, and in an instant was at Rubetta's side. She threw her arms around her, and with her own hand lifted away the black veil, and stooped and kissed the stranger's forehead, and gave her a welcome as low and loving as if she felt a real gladness at her coming. Nothing could have been sweeter or more graceful than the act or the manner, and she was never lovelier than in that impulsive moment. Perhaps she knew she looked pretty, and that every body could see her from her position on the stairs, under the myrtle-wreathed chandelier. There were girls ungenerous enough to say so; but the gentlemen gazed admiringly at her, and Ruby's eyes were filled with grateful tears. To her the whole scene was fairy-land, and this creature, with the changeable glimmer and sheen of sea-green draperies about her, with the fragrance of water-lilies in her breath, was to her excited imagination a very queen of the mermaids, come up to greet her from the caves of the shining sea. Every sense yielded to the subtle influence of beauty of sight and sound, and she forgot for the moment her loneliness, her timid dread of this meeting, her agonies over Rachel at the gate of this enchanted palace; and her pale face began to glow, and her eyes to shine through her tears with the sudden kindling of the half-smothered fires of her youth. It was all over in a moment, and they passed on; and Florence came down at once to rejoin her guests.

"Who is she?" "Do tell us about her." "Why, she has a face such as Rembrandt loved to paint."

"A glorious type of beauty," said Ralph Horton, a young artist, to his friend; "a refreshment to one's eyes, after all this washed-out and sallow delicacy of which we Americans boast."

"She can not be American, can she?" asked the listener.

"No," said Florence, who had overheard the question; "her mother was Italian, and her father"—then suddenly she remembered the strangeness of the whole situation, and added, in a lower tone, "her father died recently, but we had not heard of his death."

Then her lashes dropped down pensively, and she looked more interesting than ever; or, at least, so thought Harry Field, who watched her furtively from a distance, wondering "where the mischief Thorn could be all this time."

And all this time Mr. Thorn was in the house. The two carriages had left the pier together; but the second, containing Richard, Aunt Patience, and Hugh, had been delayed by one of those inextricable confusions of coaches, carts, and trucks that defy every thing but patience and time. Freed at last, they neared the house some minutes later than the others, and Mr. Thorn discovered the festivities in time to order the coachman to approach by the side-door, where his ring was answered by Tom, who quietly conducted them up-stairs, without coming in contact with the guests.

Aunt Patience busied herself and Rachel in making Hugh comfortable in his pleasant room. She gave to Ruby a little apartment adjoining her own, which Summer and Winter was known as "Aunt Patty's room." Tom flew up the back staircase and down the front, in frantic effort to serve the travelers and at the same time to perform the duties assigned to him by Mrs. Thorn. In the excitement his native propensity for lying was allowed most reckless indulgence. Richard had bidden him not to disturb Mrs. Thorn with the news of his arrival; but he told it to Florence, and whispered it to one servant, and denied it to another. Fabulous stories of the young heiress were distributed gratis. "Her mother was a princess in de land whar de slaves was all white folks, wid

der faces tatooed wid freckles, and Rachel, she was de slave;" and he chuckled to himself, thinking he was even now with Rachel, who had visited upon him many a "snub" in the old Thornton days, and kept him at "dat woodpile in berry frost-bitin' wedder."

He lied to young Field, with whom he was on good terms, and told him "Mass'r Richard was up dar', stannin' on his head, swarin' in his wrath;" and he told Mrs. Thorn, with face of sorrowful sympathy, that he had felt "berry 'flicted by sech wurlliness in de house." Meantime he told the other waiters it was his last chance at a few extra quarters, and he meant to make them by "mixin' up de overcoats an' ulsters, an' takin' a heap o' trouble to find 'em for de gemmens."

He told Hugh how he had sorrowed for his illness, when the truth was he had never known it till he helped him up the stairs; and he lied indiscriminately all around, even to Aunt Patience, who said "she hoped he had behaved himself," and to Rachel, who cut him short in a story of how "he'd shaken dat sassy English waiter-boy dat sassed about her," with an impatient, "Go 'long, Tom, I know better; and I'll shake you if yer lie to me."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

AND upon the travelers and the revelers silence and darkness settled at last. Of all disenchanters there is none so powerful as sleep. Take a nap between the chapters of a tale, and, lo! the thread is broken. Sleep, and the sorrow or the joy over which the curtain falls is never quite the same again.

It was not an unpleasant group that gathered for the late breakfast in Richard Thorn's dining-room the morning after the ball. The firelight cast a rosy glow over crimson walls and the odd bits of antique china upon the sideboard.

Hugh felt all the subtle sense of satisfaction that, after an absence, hallows familiar things. Loving glances rested upon his flowers, which seemed to have blossomed a special welcome. He was weak and tired, and would have been kept in bed but that Aunt Patience knew happiness to be a better

medicine for him than sleep. And he was very happy among them all this morning, and his mother seemed happy with him, and so touched by his pale face that she nearly forgot to remind his father that she had "told him so."

And Richard, quiet and grave, and as like his old self as if but a night had passed since he last sat here, was more than ever a stranger to those who thought they knew him best. He said nothing then, nor ever after, concerning the party, and Mrs. Thorn was right in supposing he would confine his mention of his lost brother to necessary facts and circumstances, and even this seemed to cost a painful effort, and the subject soon ceased to be mentioned in his hearing. But for the presence of the young stranger in her mourning garb there was nothing to indicate that the household life had been interrupted.

The two girls had entered the room together, Florence talking volubly in contrast to her usual languid air, and Ruby silent, trying to reconcile the somewhat faded and sallow face beside her with her last night's vision of a beautiful angel of welcome. The red was gone from Floy's cheek, the light from her eye, and the hair, that seemed a dark, rippling bed for the water-lilies, now showed how its life had been tortured under the oft-repeated inquisition of crimping-pins.

She knew the morning light was unfriendly, and she read instantly the puzzled disappointment in Ruby's face. At the same moment she realized that now the household included two young ladies instead of one. She had thought to see a tall child in short frocks, with long, thin legs in black stockings; a pale child with straight hair tied with black ribbons, with narrow chest and angular manners,—a girl to whom she meant to be kind, and whose admiration she expected to enjoy.

Though Florence was not a girl to be indifferent, she had felt no jealous unwillingness to have Ruby come, but thought that, as company for Hugh, and for her mother in her dull days, and as an admirer for herself, she might even be an agreeable addition to the family circle.



Florence even had kind wishes for her. Among others, she "hoped to goodness" (she often hoped to goodness when she was alone, it was her way of praying) that Ruby would be left so rich that she would never have to ask for money. "Asking" had always been Floy's special trial, though if she must ask she preferred to make her request of Mr. Thorn. He sometimes "looked unutterable things," but she got what she wanted. Her mother talked and talked, and then ended by keeping the money herself. For her little inheritance from her own father she had been told she must wait till her marriage, which was enough, she thought, to make a girl accept her very first offer. So it was not strange that she ended her meditation concerning Ruby by returning "thanks to goodness" for that which was Ruby's chiefest sorrow; namely, that there was no one to prevent her doing as she pleased.

And here was the stranger, not a child, but tall as Florence herself, old enough to go into society whenever she chose to lay aside the mourning, and—Florence gave her another glance across the table—beautiful, even in black.

The shining hair had known no torments of coiffure, and looked as if it would be quick to rebel. The vivid red of her lips seemed tempting a little color into her cheeks to keep them company, and her eyes shone softly through a mist that shadowed them when Florence, speaking to Richard, had said "papa." The awkward figure of Floy's imagination vanished before this lithe young form, strengthened by walking and rowing and daily exercise in the saddle. She was weary with travel and grief-stricken now, but the poise of her head and the light that came and went in her face revealed the vigor of the spirit within. She was gentle and grave, glad Hugh and Aunt Patience were near, but neither abashed nor overcome; and, before the breakfast ended, Florence was less assured that Ruby must perforce admire her, and wished she could read clearly the impression she was making on the girl. Between them was the difference of the opening and the slowly fading flower. Ruby was coming to her blooming-time,

while Florence knew, perhaps, that she would never be fairer than on the night just passed. This consciousness did not arouse jealousy or dislike, only the regret that was deepened by a tinge of both.

And Ruby liked this Florence of the daylight, though she never was able to identify her with the Florence of that night. So she put the vision away with other pictures and dreams, and learned in time to think it was her own fancy that had clothed her cousin with the beauty of the mermaids of the sea.

Aunt Patience kept the table-talk away from topics painful to the stranger. Aunt Clara was affectionate, but evidently glad to feel no responsibility about the new-comer; and Hugo, who had anticipated with some misgivings Ruby's entrance to the family life, was singing in his soul a little psalm of thanks that all had begun so well. He took Ruby to see his flowers, his rooms, his books, and the house that was now to be her home. They chanced upon Tom in the act of aiding Rachel to transfer Ruby's effects to rooms which Aunt Patience thought better adapted to the life she was to lead; but the girl's face grew so sad that Hugo interceded, and Patience ordered them back to the wee nest near to herself.

Here Mrs. Thorn, in passing, paused a moment to say "she was really so overcome now that the excitement of greeting them all was over, by thought of poor dear Robert's death, that she would spare the feelings of the others by keeping her own apartment for a while."

Thither with lugubrious solemnity Tom soon conducted mysterious women laden with various parcels, who proceeded to measure her grief for its proper draperies of bombazine and crape. And Florence interrupted abruptly a *seance* with Harry Field on the back parlor sofa, and came up to her mother to get her share of the customary consolation.

And together in characteristic fashion the two women mourned for Robert Thorn. Any one heartless enough to listen to the accents of their grief would have heard Florence, not in her softest tones, exclaiming, "I'll not make a fright of myself for

any man, dead or alive, not even if he left me a fortune."

"Hush, Florence! Not every one is so heartless. How many yards of crape did you say?" turning to the woman who awaited her commands.

"Well, it may be a ruffle is heartless, and a bias fold is a proper expression for unmitigated grief; but I think I'll try the ruffle, since," she added, as the woman closed the door behind her, "the dear departed is only one of the relations of my mother's second husband."

"Florence! Your utter heartlessness distresses me. I can't conceive where you ever learned it. You might spare *my* feelings if you have none of your own."

"Nonsense, mother, the whole thing seems such a farce—the change in our dress and our life! That Lent is near is all that makes it endurable. I am glad we had the party, any way. Papa did not say any thing about it."

"No; I wish he had, for his silence is severer than speech. No doubt it hurt his feelings to find us trying to be gay. I am sure I was wretched enough with all my worry about Hugh, if only he could believe it."

"Some people have a genius for being wretched, mamma, and," she added in an undertone, "for making others so. For my part if the silent spell only lasts till the bills are paid, I shall be happy. It's painful to have a man look as if drawing a check and drawing his teeth were equally severe."

"And he never used to mention economy," sighed the mother.

"He certainly has besprinkled his recent letters generously with hints of it," answered the daughter. "What can it mean, mamma?"

"How should I know? He does not tell me any thing. I presume he has no end of business worries. But it's little enough I spend on myself, and you have always had whatever you wanted, even if your poor mother denied herself to get it."

Floy felt a storm brewing, and adroitly added a little admixture of flattery to her next remark:

"Of course, mother dear, since he has not

told you, there can be nothing amiss to tell. You would surely know it if he made heavy losses. Harry intimated something of the sort, though I suspected him of doing it to find out if it were true."

"It was a great liberty for a stranger to take, to speak to you of such a thing."

"Well, I do n't know; there are different views as to what constitutes a liberty. And Harry is n't a stranger; we are as good as engaged, and I am afraid every body knows it; for I was offered repeated congratulations last night. Harry denies that he told it, but I have had my revenge this morning all the same," and Florence laughed a low laugh that ended in something like a sneer.

"Did you refuse him?" asked her mother.

"Oh, no; I only tried the effect of the truth of my poverty upon him. I told him that Papa Thorn's losses could not affect my prospects, as I had no share in his fortunes, and all that was yours was lost long ago, and the pittance my own father left me was permanently beyond the reach of Florence Reid."

"But you do not think he wants to marry for money, child?"

"Of course not, you dear little unsophisticated mamma. Indeed, he said 'for richer, for poorer,' was the sweetest thing in the service to him," and Florence laughed again a laugh of more bitterness than mirth.

If over the mother's mind there crept a dim suspicion that, by her own complaining distrust of Richard, she had deprived her daughter of her best protector, it was too late to undo the mischief now. Still some tardy sense of justice made her say:

"Florence, no one could have been kinder to you than Mr. Thorn, and I know he means to provide handsomely for you."

"Not if I marry Harry Field, mamma."

"And my own fortune is not lost," she went on, "and Harry knows it, and knows it will all be yours. I told him once you would never have to face the wolf—never know a care that could be warded off by a mother's tender hand."

Florence winced under her mother's sentiment, but controlled herself enough to say:

"And since you were so confidential con-

cerning my prospects, may I ask what he replied?"

"He said, 'mothers who had the will might not have the power,' and I proved to him that I had it. I told him all about our affairs."

"O mother, how could you? He meant to find it out. He just played upon your feeling! Do n't tell me any thing more or I shall hate the man, and he is waiting in the parlor for me to come back to him now."

"So this is the thanks I get for setting you right before people. You think me a silly girl to have things flattered out of me that I should not tell? Indeed, I wished him to understand that he could not come in your father's absence and take my daughter without a word to me. I wished him to know I had the control of—"

"Stop, stop, mother!" said Florence, as the voice took a higher key, and she saw hysterics so close at hand that her mother was past all counter-irritation. "You were quite right, and Harry is well enough—like every other man, I suppose. There, there! don't fret!" And she set coolly to work with hot bottles and smelling-salts, while amid a storm of gasps and sobs, she heard, "And this is what a mother gets who gives her life to her children!"

And Florence soothed her to sleep, and left her, inwardly "wishing to goodness" she ever *could* talk to mamma without her getting into a "state of mind."

Once more in her own room, naturally the subject of their conversation returned with an irritating annoyance that questions of fortune should have such disturbing power. Her long training in distrust led her to hold Richard responsible for all the discontent in her mother's life, and so, indirectly, for all the friction in her own. If he was in trouble why did he hide it? If he could return her mother's fortune, why did he keep it? If he despised Harry Field, why did he not give his reason? It did not take many minutes of such musing to bring a mood in which she loved Richard less and doubted him more than ever. She had no patience with the mannish obtuseness that took for

granted her desperate love for Harry Field. The truth was, she did not want to be engaged to him, but she did not want to let him go. It angered her to hear her name coupled with his as if all were settled, but she was enough a social coward to dread the world's remarks if all were unsettled. Of all the men she knew she liked none better than Harry; and about the money, she wondered if they would not all be alike about that. If she married him, she knew she would wish ten thousand times that she had not done it; but if she did not marry, she would wish she had. And out of all this chaos of questioning and musing and shrinking and liking, came the resolve that took her one evening to the library after the rest of the household had retired.

Richard was there in the same old leather-bound arm-chair, his head upon his hand, and his eyes searching the embers for some answer to the problems that had wrinkled his forehead and compressed his lips in harder lines than Floy had ever observed. She could not help seeing how he had changed; the iron-gray of his hair was taking even a silvery tint, and his eyes seemed hiding under the shadow of his brows. At sound of her step he rose at once and met her with the same stately old-fashioned courtesy that marked the manner of his father, and that could not be destroyed by any contact with the busy world. It was more than courteous, even kind and tender. She would have been ashamed of her distrust if she had not been so full of her disagreeable errand, and so resolved to have it over. He placed her in his own seat, and stood quietly beside her till she broke forth:

"Harry Field wanted to see you about my marrying him, papa, and I would not let him; but I have come to speak of it myself."

A sudden change passed over his countenance, and he said abruptly:

"I am glad you came yourself, Florence."

"Why?" she asked, not knowing how to interpret his clouded looks.

"Because I can find patience to listen to you," he answered, smiling. "I should not like to hear him talk of such a thing."

He paused, but she did not answer; and, after waiting for her a moment, he asked, gently:

"You surely do not *wish* to marry him, Floy?"

Strange as it might seem, the usually calm and cool Florence was abashed and hesitating. She could not say "yes;" she would not say "no." So she met his question by another.

"You told me before you went away that there were objections. I want to know what they are."

"Would you marry him if there were none?"

"I suppose I must marry somebody, and why not Harry Field?"

"Why *must*? I do n't see the necessity."

She blushed, and then, as if determined to have it out, answered, rapidly:

"Mamma has always told me that I can not inherit my father's property unless I marry."

"That is a mistake. She meant you would not come into possession till later in life, not that you would lose it altogether."

"How late, papa?"

"Not until your twenty-eighth year."

"How absurd!" she exclaimed, an angry flush mounting to her forehead. "Who ever heard of a girl's wanting money at that age? Why, I shall be an old woman! I shall not wait for it."

"But you need not marry to secure it. If you remain in my home even to the very advanced age of twenty-eight, I will see that all your reasonable wants are met."

"I know it," she stammered. "You have been very kind, but—I would rather use my own."

"I did not suppose daughters felt so," he said, sadly, and as if speaking to himself.

"But I am not your daughter. Even this strange girl is nearer to you than I am."

His eyes flashed, but he answered:

"Nearer, but not dearer, Florence. The sister of my son has always had a daughter's place in my heart."

Hard as she was, she was touched; but she remembered her mother's distrust, and her own returned in full force. It was nat-

ural he should want to keep her, for only so he kept her money.

Ah, what a mysterious thing is retribution! Was it a part of the punishment for evil purposes that even this pure purpose should seem foul to this young girl, whom he always had loved and longed to protect?

Realizing he was making no progress in influencing her decision, he returned to the attack.

"In any case, Florence, you would not give your life into the keeping of an unworthy man?"

"How unworthy? That is what I wish to learn. What dreadful thing has he done?"

"I would like to spare you details, my child. It ought to suffice that honorable men do not trust him; that his life is one of fashionable vices; that wine and horses and the gaming-table take all he can earn or borrow or wheedle out of his doting relatives,—old women over whom he domineers in their presence, and about whom he sneers before other men."

"You draw a flattering picture, certainly," said the girl, angry at herself for having called it forth.

"Flattering or not, it is true," he replied with spirit, for she irritated him by her manner; "and if you need know more I can show you that he has actually forged the name of the childish old aunt whose home he shares, because she did not supply him with money."

"I never heard of that," she answered, trying not to seem to care. "It is probably untrue; for such a thing would be known and punished."

"It ought to be, but was not in this case," answered Mr. Thorn, angrily; "the vicious often escape through the foolish tenderness of those who love them." And then he paused suddenly, checked, perhaps, by some memory of the might of his own temptation.

But all that was most like her mother in the girl seemed aroused by his severity, and she answered, stoutly:

"Well, I shall never believe he did it; or if he did I presume those forlorn and miserly old relatives drove him to it. All they have will be his some day. Where's



the harm of wanting a little as he goes along? I have often wished I had a little myself?"

Mr. Thorn raised his shoulders slightly, and lifted his brows, half in contempt, half in discouragement at this display of Floy's logical reasoning power, her moral sensitiveness, and her obstinate adherence to her own views. Of what use to waste evidence on a woman so unlike what a woman ought to be? And yet he knew very little about women, or he would have detected that at this very moment of her defiance this one would have been almost as glad to be freed from this lover as Richard would have been to free her. He needed Aunt Patience to tell him the time to speak a tender word. She was not there, alas! but on her knees in her own room, telling the good Lord her perplexities about them all. And the one precious moment of relenting passed, and he thought she did not care. After a silence he said:

"Well, Florence, if you take the matter in your own hands, remember, I will have nothing to do with this man. I will never consent to any such wreck of your life. He is utterly unworthy the love of any one."

"I do not think so," she persisted, sullenly.

"Do you mean to tell me that you can love him? No, I will not hear it; for I wish to retain some respect for your common sense." And he turned away from her, and abruptly left the room.

Florence sat a long time just where he had left her, weary and dispirited. She had not known, herself, how strong had been her secret hope that some way would open out of it all. But Richard had been harsher than she ever knew him, and she had said things she did not mean, and shown more than she felt.

And now it was over. It was useless to hope any one would care very much what became of her. She would keep silent henceforth, and take care of herself—when the right time came.

And it came all too soon; for, before she recovered from her soreness of spirit, Harry had an interview with her,—soothing her with welcome avowals of devotion, and

almost before she knew it she had told him every thing Richard had said.

Harry was not slow in asserting his innocence, and not quite wise enough to see if he failed to prove it, though his ingenious stories of the gossiping old aunts, who wished him to marry some hideous creature of their choosing, and his tales of the envious attempts of fellows who wanted Florence for themselves, to injure his reputation, would have proved a spiritual kinship with black Tom, who, according to Rachel, "never would speak the truth, no matter how much good Gospel was thrown away on him, till within smellin' distance of the brimstone lake."

Florence was flattered, and if she doubted she did not say so, and he believed he had proved himself an injured but unconquerable man, willing even to suffer calumny for her sweet sake.

He talked wisely of business, called things "squally" down town, said good old firms were "shaky;" and there were rumors—only rumors, of course—concerning the house of Thorn. If they were true, then they need look no further for a reason why Mr. Thorn did not wish her to marry. He hoped nothing would come of the rumors; but if there was trouble ahead, his grief would be that he was not in the position to protect her.

And when she was feeling the effect of such talk, he asked her why they should not marry without Richard's consent.

And Floy colored and was indignant, and he apologized and went away, but the subtle suggestion remained.

There were many other morning visits in which to nurse it, while Richard was engrossed in business, and Ruby and Hugh hard at work with masters, and Aunt Patience off on a visit to Thornton; but the weeks ran into months before Floy's misgivings were overcome. It was settled at last, however. They should be married privately, and she should remain at home. He could not take her to his aunts', as his own home was their gift, and his life was lived in longing expectation of their departure to the place where people are "better off." Then, if Mr. Thorn should experience busi-

ness troubles, Harry could claim and save Floy's fortune by virtue of this marriage. And when it was too late to object they thought Richard would accept the inevitable, as every body else did. If he did not keep them at home, then they would live abroad upon Floy's fortune. But, in telling Floy he would take her abroad, Harry entered into no details concerning what Aunt Rachel would have called the "where-with."

Once decided, there was an excitement and romance about it, that gratified man and maiden alike. One day there was a little excursion made to a quiet suburban town, and a visit to the somewhat dingy parsonage of an out-of-the-way struggling parish. The minister's wife sent in the maid to open the shutters, and Bridget, returning as she hung up her feather duster, put her head on one side and muttered the one word, "Stoylish."

Her mistress gave her a reproving glance for the worldliness of her observation, but improved upon it, nevertheless, by sending her to call the daughter, and as soon as she was out of sight putting on her very best cap. Then she passed into the adjoining room, and rousing her husband from his half-written sermon on the "Reconciliation of God's Sovereignty and Man's Free Agency," helped him out of the dressing-gown into the clerical black coat.

"Thanks to the ladies' good supply of dressing gowns, the nap is n't worn a bit," she said, as she patted and smoothed it with her hand.

"And thanks to their slippers, my boots are holding out amazingly," he answered, "though nobody knows how a man hates to live in his slippers to save his boots."

"Never mind, dear," she whispered, adjusting his neck-tie, with a glance of admiring pride, "this may be a rich couple, and perhaps the fee will help out the salary, and give us new boots all round."

"The fee is yours, little mother," he answered with an affectionate glance; "and for your sake I wish there was more marrying and giving in marriage than there is."

And while this little love scene was going

on above, below, in the room with the faded carpet, and the uncovered piano, waited the other lovers. Agitated, yet silent, Florence was in no mood for conversation, and kept her eyes fixed on two oval frames that hung against the wall. They were of dark wood, lined with white; and against the ghastly background of one lay a wreath of roses that had been preserved after their fragrance and bloom had been spent on somebody's coffin.

The other was one of those mysterious blendings of the sacred and the horrible, a memorial wreath of the hair of nobody knows how many dead, in which the locks, that soft and living felt only tenderest caresses, are tortured and twisted and stiffened and screwed by professional fingers into the semblance of brown forget-me-nots, or coal-black immortelles. Floy looked at them, partly to keep her eyes from meeting those of her lover, yet with a dim, horrible consciousness of their significance. So vividly did they impress themselves upon her mind that she was never able to recall the hour without these strange garlands coming before her as if they had been woven for her wedding wreath.

The ceremony was soon over, the fee was munificent enough to be a comfort to many a better shod and better fed household than that of the parson, who duly blessed and congratulated and bowed out the "stoylish" wedded pair.

"They seemed to be a very nice young couple, certainly," said he to his daughter; "and it is gratifying that people are becoming more sensible than to spend money on extravagant and showy weddings. In much better taste is a quiet affair like this;" but later, when he showed the fee to his wife, he added, "something wrong there, wifey, I'm afraid. That young man suggested, as he slipped this into my hand, that I need not hasten about sending in the record. Think, on the whole, I had better attend to it to-day."

And before nightfall, even before he went back to his slippers and to the contemplation of the broken thread of his argument, a statement was on its way to the office of

the recorder that Florence Reid was Mrs. Harry Field.

She came home again before the evening, entering the house soon after Richard returned from business, and almost in time to hear Tom say, as he took his master's coat:

"All dem young people, dey gone out, Massa Thorn. Miss Rubetta drivin' wid Massa Hugh, Miss Reid walkin' wid Mr. Field."

The master turned angrily upon him,

"When I want any report from you, Tom, as to the movements of my family I will ask you."

And as Tom slunk back rebuked, Florrie passed through the hall.

She paused at the foot of the stair, conscious of wishing he would speak to her. There had been such a cold silence and distance between them since that night so long ago, and she was already so frightened at what she had done.

But he was too angry at Tom's information for any kindly notice. He only said in passing:

"So you have taken that matter into your own hands, Florence?"

What a pity he could not have seen her heart that hour. It answered, "Yes, yes; but I wish you would save me from him;" but her lips got no farther than the "Yes," and he gave her a troubled look, and entering the library closed the door.

And Florrie passed on up the stairs bearing her new name, which no one had spoken and no one knew, and yet which weighed her down with a weight she could hardly bear.

#### CHAPTER XV.

AND Rubetta came into her room, and told her of delightful hours among new pictures she had been to visit with Hugh for company; and while she talked her cheeks glowed, and her eyes smiled as in the old days when her father talked to her of the wonderful art galleries in her "mother's land." Fast coming into full possession of maidenhood's full heritage of beauty; already at an age where the sober routine of lessons is irksome, Ruby was yet most assiduously

working at whatever she felt her father would have her learn. Constant occupation had proved, as Robert told Richard it would, her great diversion from sorrow, and her great salvation from the tendencies of a dreamy nature.

This had been supplied partly through Aunt Patty's loving insight into her intellectual need, and the influences to which she would be susceptible, and largely through Hugh's desire to share whatever was irksome.

In many things he seemed to know just where to help and where to let her try her unaided strength. Many a subject that she would have laid down when the novelty wore off was continued because Hugh had begun for her sake, and she could not leave him to go on alone. Hugh never gave things up, and why should she? and so almost hand in hand the two young souls as yet unspotted from the world, explored the store-houses of wisdom for treasure to enrich their lives.

But into whatever fields her studies turned, her drawing and painting were still her chief delight. Nothing else she did so recalled her father's presence and voice and words. She sometimes forgot, as she sat at work, that the little boat was not rocking gently beneath her, and that his face would not bend down to see and his hand be raised to point out her mistakes. And though, after a dreaming time so real that she even heard the sigh of the wind among the sycamores, the waking was sad, the dream yet helped her to feel she was at work for him. His command to be and do her best, not to rest with *meaning* to do and to be, was to her more than the recollection of the wishes of the dead; it was a living daily inspiration. Her sorrow for his absence softened as the sense of absence departed. She lived *with* him, holding her life up for his approval, and Aunt Patience loved her and let her alone; but Ruby knew that as she lived with her father, so the gray-haired disciple lived with and loved her Lord.

It is to be hoped that Robert knew, ere this, that his anxieties concerning his child's development were needless, and that her hinderances were fewer than her helps. She

received more love than indifference, and love from hearts so noble that its power was great to bless. Aunt Patty's constant soothing covered Aunt Clara's frequent rasping, and left a wide margin of tenderness in which she could abide. Hugh's devotion relieved Richard's reserve, and even Florence compensated for one day's abstracted indifference by affectionate demonstration on the next.

And she found much pleasure in Floy, for girlhood is rarely so unlike itself as to be unattractive to girlhood. At times the atmosphere of gloom about the home was to her spirit like the chill of the east wind to a sensitive body; but she did not take it, as Hugh did, as something that *must* be set right, no matter what the effort to scatter sunshine cost. If she helped him brighten the others, she did it to brighten him. For her part, she would let people who enjoyed having a mood, or a "spell," as Rachel called it, alone, till they were tired of themselves, and ready to come out of it.

But as time wore on and Floy's depression and discontent increased, Hugh sympathy was so real that Ruby found her own heart aching against her will.

"What can her trouble be, Hugo?" she asked, one afternoon as they saw her going dejectedly up to her room, at the usual hour for Harry Field's daily visit.

"She will not tell me, Ruby, though I believe I could help her, and if I had been her elder brother I *would* know. But here I am a man, and she can not think of me as any thing but lame little Hugh."

"I never think of you except as a man," said Ruby; "for I never knew you when you were not." He gave her a grateful glance, and Ruby asked, "Does not your mother know?"

"No. We never have troubled mother with things. She is not well, you know," and he turned away to hide the flush that crept up to meet the gold of his hair.

"Well, I think Mr. Field is tormenting her," said Ruby. "I wish I were the girl he wanted; I should take such delight in dismissing him."

Hugh laughed; but he gave his crutch a

threatening grasp that implied he would like to assist in the dismissal after a fashion of his own. After a pause he said:

"Ruby, what do you girls have to do with money?" and then as if he repented having asked, he said, "Poor Floy, she is so changed these last months."

Ruby saw he did not wish an answer to his first question, but she was not lacking in the faculty that puts this and that together. Floy wanted money. Hugh had had none lately for any use. Hugh was supplying Floy, while she was every week receiving from Aunt Patience money which she supposed came through Richard from her father's estate. Could it be possible that she was richer than these cousins and had not shared with them?

Carried away by a generous girlish impulse, she started to find Floy. It was a cloudy afternoon, and nearly dusk. The door of her room stood open, and Floy was standing at the window. Before Ruby could speak the door-bell rang sharply, and a little nervous shiver crept over Floy. She leaned her head against the pane, and said wearily to herself:

"Now he has come again, and I have n't the money; and I can not ask for it—I can not ask for it!"

Ruby started to go silently away, and met Tom in the hall. As Florence turned to take the card from his tray she caught sight of her, and called:

"O Ruby, come here, will you? It's Mr. Field's card. I am not well. Would you mind excusing me to him? Ask him to call to-morrow morning, I shall be better then."

Ruby looked lovingly into her agitated face, and turned to go down, when Floy stopped her. "No, I might as well go. Thank you, Ruby."

"But *why* go, dear Flossy?" said Ruby, throwing her arms about her; "what does he want?"

"What does every body want in this miserable world?" she said bitterly, attempting to go on. But a firm little hand was laid upon her own, and Ruby said:

"Now, Florry, I am not going to have



you tormented to-day. You wait here, and I will tell Tom to send him away."

"No, not Tom; he talks too much. I can't bear to send Tom."

"Then I'll go myself." And before Floy could prevent, she was half-way down the stairs.

He was not in the drawing-room, and she passed on to the little alcove room beyond, from which a door opened into the conservatory. It was a secluded little niche, heavily curtained except where the green leaves shadowed it. As Ruby entered, the light from the room behind her fell on the back of her head. A tall figure rose from the darkest corner of the sofa, and a voice said coldly, with a faint tinge of displeasure in the tone:

"Well, Mrs. Field, it pleases you to keep me waiting a long time to-day."

The tone told much, the name told all. Almost before it was uttered Rubetta had turned away, passing through the door into the conservatory. Almost before he had discovered his mistake she was gone, and he did not even know if she had heard him or not. He slunk back into his corner, and twirled and bit his mustache, and muttered something about his luck. She went straight on through the conservatory, conscious of a strange pleasant thrill at the odor of Southern plants. She did not see Hugh loitering in the twilight, enjoying the tropical atmosphere and fragrance, nor did he notice her as she passed on.

Straight up the stairs she went to Florrie, with a new, strange pity astir at her heart, and a sense that something terrible had happened. She followed a blind instinct to protect her secret, and keep him from meeting any one but Floy.

"My courage failed me, Florry," she said. "I think if you are able, you better run down a moment."

"Then you did not tell him?" asked Floy eagerly.

"No; I did not speak to him. I saw him in the alcove. Ring for lights, Flossy; Tom has forgotten them, and it is nearly time for Uncle Dick to come."

The last sentence had a warning in it, but

Florrie hardly heard it, as she passed hurriedly on. She did not see Tom, but she found Harry, who, recovered partially from his fear lest he had betrayed himself, gave her a kinder tone of greeting than he had used toward her messenger. He was really fond of her in his way, but his idea of fondness did not include sacrifice. His young wife knew already that a velvet glove might hide an iron hand. The marriage had brought him some discomforts, and he disliked being uncomfortable. No dashing honey-moon; no bearing away of a lovely bride, the envy of all observers; no triumph over the other fellows. His aunts had refused him money; Mr. Thorn had met him, and looked over his head; and last, but not least, Floy herself had nothing to lend. No vanity gratified, and no money to be had, surely it was not strange if life looked like a desolate waste to him to-night. Yet he was now the one who hated to go to Mr. Thorn. The coward in him, alas! was better grown than the man.

Who was there, then, on whom he could pour out his vexation but his wife? To her he had grown so confiding that he occasionally used his club vocabulary, as to-night, when, instead of saying the above-mentioned grievances were unpleasant for a gentleman, he said they were "deucedly and devilishly hard on a man."

And remarks of such eloquence require a strong tone of voice to convey their full significance. This being true as the conversation went on in the dim alcove, it chanced that its utterances reached the ear of the young man in the conservatory. Hugh was startled by hearing some one say angrily, "I must have money, and you must get it from your father."

"I can not go to him again, Harry."

"But he has not asked you what you did with it?"

"No; but his very silence and look makes me think he knows."

"But it is your own money. He is only giving you your own."

"I don't know that. I only know he will ask me if I go to him again; and if he asks, I shall tell him."

"You will tell him? And he will then devise some way to keep your fortune altogether; and my aunt will know, and I shall be thrown out of home, prospects, every thing, and just for the lack of a few miserable dollars that you would supply if you loved me."

"I could not, Harry."

"Floy, the fact is, I have had such abominable luck lately, a little money now would help me to retrieve all I have lost. Then I would not care how soon you told your father, or what course he took, for I could take you away."

"I have n't the money, Harry. I have n't enough to help you in the least."

"But you have something. Bring me that, and I shall not feel as if this miserable affair was such a hinderance to my prospects. I believe the old ladies suspect it, or I should never have been kept in so tight a place."

She waited to hear no more, and as she left the room he threw himself back on the sofa, locking both hands behind his bald head. He yawned, and confided to the toe of a patent-leather boot, which he lifted lazily in air, till it reached the proper angle of vision, "that a man might as well earn his living as to go through all this wear and worry to get it."

As he raised his languid blue orbs, "heavenly blue," the ladies had often called them, they met another pair of blue eyes, any thing but heavenly in their expression of scorn and anger with which they flashed down upon him like lightning from the clouded sky of Hugh's white face.

He had heard them talk; he had seen "Florrie" leave the room, and he knew for what she had gone. As her figure disappeared, he entered the door of the conservatory, and one step brought him to young Field's side.

"What, you here?" asked Harry starting up.

"Yes, I am here; and I will protect my sister. You can not see her again. You must go before she comes down, and you must never return." The voice was very low and steady, but the man did not know its tones, or he would have preferred the shriek of wrath to this calm. After the first

instant he did not mind it much. If it had not been for the discomfort of what he mentally called a "row" he would have been amused. As it was, he said carelessly:

"Well, my boy—"

"You will find I am not a boy," interrupted the other.

"Well, my *man*, then," he said, casting an impertinent side glance at the arm that held the crutch, "I shall go when I am ready."

"Be ready now, then. You can not wait for my sister."

"Look here, youngster; you might as well understand that your sister belongs to me more than she does to you."

Hugh waited for no more; but, leaning on the crutch with his left hand, with the other he grasped the astonished young man by the collar. With a strength born of excitement he kept his hold, turning his choking captive around until he faced the door. Then, loosening him with an energy that set him staggering, he said: "Go; get out of the house, and quick, quick! for I am afraid I shall kill you." And, strange as it might seem, he went, without a word or a blow, but with a fire ablaze in his heart that, fed by all his real disappointments and fancied wrongs, might by and by burn into the very soul of the defenseless woman he had won.

Floy's face was white, her hands clinched, as she mounted the stairs. She entered her room half-staggering, and began to fumble in her drawers.

"What is it, Flossy dear?" said Ruby, springing up from the sofa.

"I was looking for my purse," she said, faintly. "Do not light the gas; I can feel for it."

But Ruby was already at her side. She threw one arm about her in the old impulsive fashion, and pressed her own purse into Flossy's hand.

"There is mine, Cousin Flossy; do not try to find yours now. I do n't know what in the world to do with the money, and should be so happy if you would help me spend it."

"No, no, Ruby," said Florence, choking; "but I will take it just now, and return it to

you another time;" and, hardly knowing what she said, she broke away from Ruby's arms, and hurried down the stairs.

At their foot stood Harry, struggling into his overcoat with excited haste that was more than a substitute for Tom's ready hands. His hand was on the door when Florence reached him. He gave her a look so fierce with anger that she recoiled a step with a feeling that was almost fear.

"If you think I am going to endure this—" he began.

"I have brought it, Harry," she said, in a nervous tone. "I thought you could wait for me to come down;" and she offered him her hand, not empty now.

To tear the notes in pieces and trample them under his feet, and go away showering curses on the whole house of Thorn, would have been very tragic, and he wanted to do it; but the revenge would come in time, and the price was too great to pay for the tragic element. For the present he pocketed the bills with the insult, and if his fingers burned at thought of a strong young hand twisting at his tie, he took the fever out of them by the touch of Ruby's bank-notes, crisp and cool.

He stopped once on the street, in the angle of two houses, and lighted a cigar. When he went on, his languid swagger showed he was more at ease. He had counted it, and knew how much there was. She had found it very quickly, too, when once she made up her mind, he thought. There must be more where this came from. But it was time matters came to a crisis. If Mr. Thorn would do right by Floy he would go abroad and take his chances of his aunts' relenting. Or if the old ladies would be so obliging as to transplant themselves to the celestial region, where they would not need money, he would go abroad with Florence and take his chances with Mr. Thorn. He was tired of this country, and preferred Hamburg or Baden Baden. The waters would be good for Florence, who was looking paler, and not as pretty as a while ago. Who could wonder, living with such people! He liked Florence; he grew tender and very sure of it over his wine at dinner, and he meant to

take her away very soon from that dreadful family. But, before he went, he meant to break that young Thorn's crutches over his head.

So Hugh Thorn had made his first enemy. He had taken in fully, afterward, the meaning of Harry's words, and wondered that he had never thought of this solution to Florence's trouble. He knew now, and the knowledge stirred all that was protective and chivalrous in him. He would shield her from such a man with his life, if need be. He no longer felt he had nothing to do because his infirmity shut him out from every thing but loving. Loving meant striving for those he loved. In that moment, when he flung Harry Field from him with the force his indignation gave, he had flung off his boyhood forever. A man's work, and a man's care, and a man's right to stand between his sister and this "hard thing that had come to her" was now his portion. He never thought of blaming her. He only said, "Poor Flossy!" and feared he had forgotten to be good to her in caring for his cousin.

He kept his secret, even from Florence, and Ruby kept hers, even from Hugh; but they both ceased to talk of Floy to each other. Aunt Patience was told privately by each that Floy was not happy, and perhaps would open her heart to her. Aunt Patience had a theory of her own concerning the cause and cure of Floy's depression. She thought she held the remedy in her own gentle heart, but she had waited, hoping there would be no need of the painful revelation she could make. She thought that Florence loved young Field, but her womanly perception told her it was not the heart-breaking love of a life-time. She had, however, gone to Richard one day, after Harry had been there, and months before Ruby's discovery, and said to him:

"Richard, I think you ought to know that young Field, who comes here so often, is married."

He eyed her curiously, as if to learn how much she knew, and replied:

"Thank you, Aunt Patience; but I did know it."

"Very well," she said, surprised; "he seems to care for Floy's society, and I feared she might become entangled. Do you think she knows it?" after a pause.

He hesitated. Never until recently had he felt, as he did now, that he did not like to talk things over with Aunt Patience. She was too incisive in her probing of motives. He did not care to subject himself to her scrutiny. So he smiled, and answered:

"Oh, yes; Floy knows it, but I would n't talk of it just now before her. I have my reasons."

"But do you think she should see him so frequently?"

"Certainly; why not? It's the surest way to cure her if she cares for him."

Aunt Patience waited, but Richard's face was inscrutable. At last she said:

"Richard, there is more to this."

He raised his eyes.

"Yes."

"More than you wish me to know?"

"More than I do not like to explain at present. You will know all soon."

"But I want to serve that girl, Richard."

"Perhaps you can by and by, but at present there is nothing can be done. But how did you know he is married?"

"Why, brother Locke—do you not remember dear brother Locke? No, indeed; why should you, for you were only a child? I forget how old I am growing, Dick. Mr. Locke was your father's college-mate, and a friend of mine when I was young, about the time your mother died"—

"About the time you forsook the Church of your fathers and became a Methodist, auntie?" asked Richard, archly.

"No, dear; I became a Methodist later, but Mr. Locke was stationed at Thornton, and married and went away before you and little Robbie were out of my arms." Richard knew the story of the lover who waited for Dick and Robbie to get out of her arms and finally ceased to wait, and had his own conjectures about the old friend; but he did not interrupt her story, except to bend on her a glance of love, such as a mother might be proud to meet from the eyes of her son. "I have always known where these friends

were settled, Dick, and followed the progress of their work in many places. Recently they have come to the little town of N—, only a few miles away from here, and one day brother and sister Locke came to visit me here. And while we sat chatting, who should come in but Harry Field?

"They both recognized him, and he was obliged, though much embarrassed, and I thought rather reluctant, to return their greeting. And I heard them ask for Mrs. Field. He said that she was well; but not at present with him, and he went out as soon as possible. Then Mr. Locke told me he had married him early last Summer to a lovely girl, whose name they could not recall. He told them that morning that 'he was keeping it a little quiet, as his aunts, who held his "expectations," had made a different choice for him.' So I have kept it quiet, for, indeed, it is not my business to destroy his prospects, provided he does not make Florrie unhappy."

"It is too late to save her, auntie. That is done already."

But even then, Richard did not tell her that on the very morning in question he had been passing out of the house as the aged couple had been mounting the steps. Close behind them, descending from his coupé, was Harry Field. When they saw him, they exchanged a quick glance, and the lady said:

"Father, that young man is the Mr.—what's his name?—you married to the pretty girl, last Summer. Don't you see?"

"Sure enough, so it is," was the answer.

And Mr. Thorn rang the bell for them and took them himself to the drawing-room, and sending Tom for Aunt Patience, departed.

Field was still on the pavement twirling his mustache, and pretending to give directions to his coachman, but in reality waiting for Mr. Thorn to turn the corner. Aunt Patience did not tell Richard at once of the information gathered from Mr. Locke, and Richard never told her of the hint he had received from the same source, or of his subsequent inquiry, which resulted in the full knowledge of all the particulars. She hoped



that the young man would take himself away soon, and that Florence would learn to forget him.

Richard hoped, he hardly knew what; but he held his peace, waiting for developments. He was very angry with them both. He knew he must accept it; but he was resolved the young man should not profit by his scheme, as long as he could prevent it. A remnant of pity, too, made him feel Florence was safer under his roof, and secretly glad each night that he found her there. He would have talked it all out with Aunt Patience, but when it was done, would he be willing to follow such advice as she would give? She would want him to pay the money belonging to Florence, and he did not wish her to know he was not ready. It was a mercy to Florence to keep it, he said to himself, and he meant to do it as long as he possibly could.

She still gave Ruby her money, which Richard handed her month by month, and Ruby as regularly gave it to Florence, who

cried at first, and refused it, and cried again, and took it, "as a loan." Harry rarely came to the house, and never when Hugh was at home; and one day Florence made Tom the bearer of her letter and inclosure. He did not reach home till late, taking advantage of the errand to have a little outing of his own. And Richard, who had wanted him, questioned the reason of his absence. He replied, that he "could not tell."

"Why not?"

"Has to 'bey orders, Massa Thorn."

"Whose orders?"

"Yours, Massa Richard. You tol' me not to entail de mobements ob de family. I has been out on one ob de family mobements," he said, looking very mysterious.

"You need not be afraid of entailing or detailing any errand on which *you* have been sent. No one would confide to *you* any thing that required secrecy."

"Dun no, Mass'r. Do n't reckon Miss Flo' neber meant I sh'd entail she sent heap o' money to Mass'r Field."

## ABOUT WITNESSES.

WE wonder some industrious collector of *Ana* has never given us a book about witnesses. The strange statements, extraordinary admissions, prompt retorts, funny mistakes, crooked answers, and odd distortions of the Queen's English, heard in the courts, would make a plethoric volume of amusing reading.

The subjects of legal vivisection do not find the process so agreeable to themselves as it is entertaining to uninterested listeners. Mrs. Elizabeth Martha Selina Georgina Augusta Euham Burrows might not be pained at proclaiming that such was her Christian name, although she did not generally write it in full; but the old fellow who had "married three wives lawful and buried them lawful," would probably have preferred keeping to himself that a buxom laundress declined to make him a happy man for the fourth time in his life, because he was not prepared to take her to church in a basket-

carriage drawn by six donkeys. It was not pleasant for a young husband to let all the world know how, shocked at his wife's avowal of atheism, he sent a parson to talk to her, and going to see how he was getting on, found the lady chasing the clergyman round the room intent upon flooring him with a pillow; and a certain false milkman doubtless considered he had been sufficiently punished by the jilted lady following hard upon him, as he went his daily round for thirty-five years, without the fact being published far and wide, when the revengeful dame departed life without the doctor's aid.

The immaculate elector who was sure he had not breakfasted at a candidate's cost, because he had never breakfasted in his life, always taking his morning meal in the middle of the day; and his neighbor, equally certain on the same score, because he had, twenty years before, made a resolution never to eat or drink at any one's charge but his

own, had as little chance of being believed as the Scotsman assuring a Parliamentary committee that his countrymen were "unco' modest;" or the Irishman who swore the last time he saw his sister was eight months ago, when she called at his house and he was not at home. More careful of his words was the constable who deposed that a certain individual was neither drunk nor sober, but "mixed,"—a medium state unrecognized by the London barmaid, who laid it down that a man was sober so long as he did not stagger or use bad language; thereby displaying as much consideration for human infirmity as the witness who, called upon to explain what he meant by saying the plaintiff's character was slightly matrimonial, answered, "She has been married seven times." Euphemisms are wasted upon lawyers, since they will insist upon having their equivalents. Said one man of another, "He resorted to an ingenious use of circumstantial evidence." "And pray, sir, what are we to understand by that?" inquired the counsel. "That he lied," was the reply of the witness; whose original statement was worthy of the doctor, who testified that the victim of an assault had sustained a contusion of the integuments under the orbit, with extravasation of blood and ecchymosis of the surrounding tissue, which was in a tumefied state, with abrasion of the cuticle; meaning simply that the sufferer had a black eye.

The witness-box is prolific in malapropisms. The man whose friend could not appear in court by reason of his being just then superannuated with drink; the Irish woman whose husband had often struck her with impunity, although he usually employed his fist; the believer in the martyr to Jesuitical machinations, who recognized the baronet by the gait of his head; the gentleman who found a lady in the arms of Mopus; the impecunious wight whose money had become *non est inventum*; and the Chicago dame, who indignantly wanted to know who was telling the story, when the judge suggested that when she spoke of the existence of a family fuel, she must mean a family feud,—might one and all claim kindred with Sheridan's deranger of epithets. Nor

could Dogberry himself have shown to greater advantage than Officer Lewiston, when, mounting the stand in a New York police-court, he related how Tom Nelson punched him twice on the head, scratched his face, and bucked him in the stomach, without aggravating him to use his club, because it went against his feelings to mistreat a human being, winding up what he called his "conciseful" narration with, "I am willing to let up on him, your honor, but not altogether. The law must be dedicated; give him justice tampered with mercy."

The London policeman, who found arrears of fat upon the blouses of two men suspected of patronizing a butcher without paying him, would have smiled in scornful superiority to hear the Glasgow constable deposing that a riotous Irishman "came off the Bristol boat wi' the rest o' the cattle, and was making a crowd on the quay, offering to fight him or any ither mon." "Was he inebriated?" asked the bailie. "No; he was na' in Edinburgh, for he came by the Belfast boat." "Well, did he stand on his defense when you told him to move on?" "No, your honor, he stood on the quay." Were members of the force always so exact, the magistrate who asked a street Arab, before putting him on his oath, what was done to people who swore falsely, would not have had his ears shocked with the reply, "They makes policemen out of 'em."

In a trial at Winchester, a witness, failing to make his version of a conversation intelligible by reason of his fondness for "says I" and "says he," was taken in hand by Baron Martin, with the following result: "My man, tell us now exactly what passed." "Yes, my lord. I said I would not have the pig." "And what was his answer?" "He said he had been keeping it for me, and that he—" "No, no; he could not have said that; he spoke in the first person." "No, my lord; I was the first person that spoke." "I mean, do n't bring in the third person; repeat his exact words." "There was no third person, my lord; only him and me." "My good fellow, he did not say he had been keeping the pig; he said, 'I have been keeping the pig.'" "I assure you, my lord, there

was no mention of your lordship at all. We are on different stories. There was no third person there, and if any thing had been said about your lordship, I must have heard it." The baron gave in.

Lord Mansfield once came off second best in endeavoring to make a witness use intelligible language. The man had deposed that he had not suffered any loss at the defendant's hands, because he was up to him. "What do you mean by being up to him?" asked his lordship. "Mean, my lord? why, that I was down upon him." "Down upon him?" repeated the judge interrogatively. "Yes, my lord; deep as he thought himself, I staggered him." "Really," said Lord Mansfield, "I do not understand this sort of language." "Not understand it!" exclaimed the unabashed adept in slang; "not understand it! Lord, what a flat you must be!" A New York magistrate was equally incapable of comprehending how a police officer could be guilty of skylarking with a girl when on duty, until the "roundsman" explained that "skylarking" meant "pulling and hauling, laughing and talking." More humorous in his way of putting things was the gentleman who said a stock-exchange bear was a person who sold what he had not got; a bull a man who bought what he could not pay for, and that "financing" was "a man who does n't want shares buying them from one who has none to sell." A Jew, speaking of a young man as his son-in-law, was accused of misleading the court, since the young man was really his son. Moses, however, persisted that the name he put to the relationship was the right one, and addressing the bench, said: "I was in Amsterdam two years and three-quarters; when I come home I finds this lad. Now the law obliges me to maintain him, and, consequently, he is my son-in-law." "Well," said Lord Mansfield, "that is the best definition of a son-in-law I ever yet heard." It may be doubted if that legal luminary would have acquiesced as readily in a witness whose name was not to be found on the law list, calling himself a solicitor, on the ground that he had been soliciting advertisements for a newspaper for eight years; or held a

bill-poster, who could not read, justified in describing himself as a professional man connected with the press. Assuredly he would not agree with the street-nigger, who admitted that his calling was a low one, but still thought it so much better than that followed by his father that he felt inclined to be proud of it. "And pray, sir," inquired the learned gentleman, cross-examining him, "what was your father's calling?" "Well," demurely replied the sham darcy, "he was a lawyer."

A Californian declining to swear to the size of a stick used by one of the parties in "a heated discussion," the judge insisted upon knowing if it were as thick as his wrist. "I should say," said the badgered man, "that it was as thick as your head;" and the court's curiosity was satisfied. A less excusable want of recollection was displayed by a Benedict, who only thought he had been married three years, while he had not the faintest notion when or where he made his wife's acquaintance. A woman never pretends to ignorance on such matters, oblivious as she may be regarding the number of birthdays she has seen. Forgetting that a woman should be at least as old as she looks, a lady told a Paris magistrate she was twenty-five. As she stepped out of the box a young man stepped in, who owned to twenty-seven. "Are you related to the previous witness?" he was asked. "Yes," said he; "I am her son." "Ah," murmured the magistrate, "your mother must have married very young." Mlle. Mars parried the obnoxious query with a vague "H'm, h'm," causing the judge to observe, "I beg your pardon, Madam; what did you say?" "I have answered the question put to me," said the actress, and the court gallantly took the hint. The inquiry so cleverly disposed of by the famous stage queen was met by an Aberdonian spinster with a protest against an unmarried woman being expected to enlighten the public on such a subject. Finding that of no avail, she admitted she was fifty, and, after a little pressure, owned to sixty. Counsel then presumed to inquire if she had any hopes of getting a husband, and was rebuffed for the impertinence with:

"Weel, sir, I winna tell a lee. I hinna lost hope yet; but I wudna marry you, for I am sick o' your palaver." She could be frank enough if she chose, like the gentleman who proclaimed, "Every man has his pawnbroker, and I have mine"—a somewhat bold assertion, but one that would not have been gainsaid by the bluff Yorkshire "uncle," who, pressed by a parliamentary committee-man to give his opinion as to the advisability of imposing a penny stamp upon certain documents, replied, "If ever you come to my place to pop any thing"—"My good man," interrupted the horrified M. P., "do n't think that I could ever do such a thing!" "Who can tell what bad luck's in store for him?" retorted the pawnbroker. "But, my good man," exclaimed the member, "it is quite impossible;" only to bring the response: "Impossible! not at all, not at all; and if ever you want to pop any thing, and come to my shop, I'll treat you like a man ought to be treated. No penny stamps. I'll clap a handsome sixpenny bit of government paper on the transaction, in a way that would be proper on an agreement between two gentlemen."

Perhaps the most extraordinary evidence ever tendered in support of an alibi was advanced in behalf of a man tried at Sydney, when two witnesses swore that, at the time the robbery with which he was charged was committed, the prisoner was in his hut with them, listening to the recital of the "Old English Baron," which occupied two hours and a half. Lane, the novel-reciter, corroborated their statements, averring he could repeat several other stories of equal length, word for word. "Now, sir," said the attorney-general, "do you wish to persuade us that, without a book, you could occupy two hours and a half in reciting the 'Old English Baron?'" "I could, and I will, if you please," replied Lane. "Well, we will have a page or two, then," said the attorney-general. The witness at one began: "In the time of King Henry, when the good Duke Humphrey returned from the Holy Land;" and so went on until the attorney-general cried, "Enough." The prisoner's counsel, however, insisted upon Lane's going on to

the end, to prove the tale would occupy the time his witnesses had sworn it did, unless the other side conceded that important point. This, after some demur, the attorney-general agreed to do, providing the witness repeated the last page of the book as he had repeated the first. Lane did as was bidden, and the prisoner was acquitted.

An American delinquent was not so lucky in his alibi. That worthy swore that the prisoner had been plowing for him all day long on the 29th of November, and chopping wood for him all the following day. So far, all was well. Then the counsel for the prosecution rose, and put the question, "What did Ellis do on the thirty-first?" "That was Sunday," replied the unsuspecting witness, "and we went squirrel-hunting." "Well, what did he do on the thirty-second?" "Thrashed the wheat." "On the thirty-third?" "It was raining, and he stayed indoors, and shaved out some ax-handles." "What did he do on the thirty-fourth?" "Chopped wood." "Yes, and on the thirty-fifth?" What Ellis did on the thirty-fifth was never known; for here the wife of the witness whisked him off the stand with, "You old fool, do n't you know there are only thirty days in November?" The calendar-ignoring farmer overdid the business, like the Scotch woman who identified a chicken by its likeness to its mother, and the positive damsel who recognized certain turkeys by their countenances, walk, and manner of roosting.

An Irishman, examined before a fishery commission, seemed so inclined to avow any thing that one of the commissioners asked if there were any whales on the west coast. "Is it whales?" said Pat. "Sure, we may see 'em by the dozen, spouting about like wather-engines all over the place." "Are there many dog-fish?" was the next question. "Dogs, begorra! ye'd say so 'nd ye passed the night here. Sure, we can't sleep for the barkin' o' thim." "Do flying-fish abound here?" queried another gentleman. "Flying-fish, is it?" quoth the voracious fellow. "If we did n't put up the shutters every night there would n't be a whole pane o' glass in the house for the craters batin'



against thim!" When he came up for his expenses Pat tried to coax something extra out of the commissioners, on the plea that he had sworn to every thing their honors "axed" him. Irish witnesses are not usually so tractable, no small amount of skill and patience being required to extract a definite answer to the simplest of questions. Nothing pleases your fun-loving Irishman better than to bother a lawyer, and the Irish courts have known many a dialogue like this: "You are a Roman Catholic." "Am I?" "Are you not?" "You say I am?" "Come, sir; what's your religion?" "The true religion." "What religion is that?" "My religion." "And what is your religion?" "My mother's religion?" "What was your mother's religion?" "She tuk whisky in her tay." "You bless yourself, do n't you?" "When I'm done with you I will." "What place of worship do you go to?" "The most convaynient." "Of what persuasion are you?" "My persuasion is that you won't find out." "What is your belief?" "That you are puzzled." "Do you confess?" "Not to you." "Who would you write to if you were likely to die?" "The doctor." "I insist upon your answering me, sir. Are you a Roman Catholic?" "I am." "And why did n't you say so at once?" "You never axed me. You said I was a great many things; but you never axed me; you were drivin' crass words and crooked questions at me, and I thought it was manners to cut my behavior on your own pattthern."

An examiner's perseverance is not always successful in eliciting the desired answer. "Was there any thing in the glass?" asked

a counsel of a somewhat reluctant witness. "Well, there was something in it," he replied. "Ah, I thought we should get at it in time," observed the triumphant questioner. "Now, my good fellow, tell us what that something was." The good fellow took time to think over it; at last he drawled out, "It were a spoon." Equally unsatisfactory, from a legal point of view, was the following short dialogue: "You have property, you say; did you make it yourself?" "Partly." "Are you married?" "Yes." "Did your wife bring you any thing?" "Yes." "What?" "Three children." The witness had the best of that bout. And the lady was too much for the lawyer when they tried conclusions in this fashion: "On which side of the street do you live, ma'am?" "On either side." "How can that possibly be, ma'am?" "Why, if you go one way it is on the right side; if you go the other it is on the left." The information imparted was as little to the purpose as the answer to the question, "When you called upon Mr. Roberts, what did he say?" propounded to a voter before an election committee. Ere the man could open his mouth to reply, the question was objected to. For half an hour counsel argued the matter; then the room was cleared, that the committee might consider the subject. After the lapse of another half-hour the doors were opened, and the chairman announced that the question might be put. All ears were strained to catch the impending disclosure. But the mountain did not bring forth even a mouse. "What did Mr. Roberts say?" asked the counsel; and the witness replied, "He was n't at home, sir; so I did n't see him."

## HEAVENLY ANTICIPATIONS.

AS one by one our friends depart,  
So long united to the heart,  
In joy and sorrow too;  
Thou who did'st weep, forgive the tear;  
Who did'st console, now deign to cheer;  
Who said'st, Fear not, bid us not fear,  
And peace of mind renew.

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At most, but a few years can glide,  
Ere each shall join the loved one's side;  
Soul-cheering promise given.  
They are not lost, but gone before;  
Have cross'd the river, reach'd the shore;  
And from the eternal heights look o'er,  
And beckon us to heaven.

## THREE ERAS IN A WOMAN'S LIFE.

## PART I.—THE PRINCESS.

ON the Second of May, 1816, a marriage of unusual interest took place at the palace of St. James, in London. It was the union of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg and his cousin, the Princess Charlotte, of England, only daughter of George IV, then Prince of Wales.

From the comparatively humble palace of the Duke of Coburg, at a time when every throne in Europe seemed to be tottering over a surging volcano of revolution, Leopold, at sixteen years of age, had entered the army as aid-de-camp of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, an uncle, by marriage, of the young prince.

Saxe-Coburg lay in the very pathway of the rushing armies, when the troops of Napoleon swept over Germany, and invaded the quiet palace of the reigning duke, who, ill in body and crushed in heart, fled with his wife and little son of thirteen years to the strong fortress of Saalfeld. This castle was bombarded and stormed and taken, after stout resistance on the part of the besieged. The horrors of that awful scene proved too severe for the weary, nerveless invalid, who, prostrated by pain and sorrow, tortured by the clangs of struggling armies, yet tended with careful affection from wife and child, happily breathed his last not long thereafter, leaving, as an inheritance to his eldest son, Ferdinand, the Lilliputian Saxon principality of Coburg, with its eighty-three thousand inhabitants.

Although immersed in the confusion and terrors of war from the years 1806 to 1814, including his sixteenth and twenty-fourth years, Leopold seems never to have lost his thoughtful, almost romantic temperament. The scenes of wretchedness, which were always familiar to him, seemed to intensify his naturally grave and meditative turn of mind. His personal presence also is described as most dignified and attractive, with an elegant address, and a temper at once generous and noble, which, added "to

a disposition of poetic and romantic pensiveness," says Abbott, "often gives to character its most resistless fascination." In the turmoil of arms, the prince was still cultivating all the graces, and cherishing all the tastes of a pure domestic life. In the study of botany, languages, and the fine arts, and by the graphic use of pencil in every ramble, he was perpetually storing his portfolio with charming sketches, and preparing himself to diffuse the highest enjoyment around some tranquil home, when the hateful clangor of battle should be heard no more.

It was to this suitor that Charlotte, the youthful maiden of England's royal house, intelligent, lovely in mind, endowed with great personal beauty, and heiress of the most exalted throne on the globe, gave preference over every other aspirant to her hand.

"He is so poor, your royal highness," objected one of her attendants. "Why, all his dominions will be hardly larger than a country parish!"

"So much the better," replied the princess, "he will have the more time to attend to me."

There probably was never a marriage solemnized in which the chief parties were in more perfect unison than that of Charlotte of England and Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. They were alike of cheerful, ardent temperaments, eminently intellectual, and united in heart by the most tender ties of virtuous love. We read of a few months filled with a happy domestic life at beautiful Claremont, where the heartless pageants of court fashion were utterly ignored, not quite a year of almost unalloyed bliss in reading, visiting the cottages of the poor, riding, and sketching the lovely scenery about them. Succeeding these sunniest of months are three days of keenest anguish to the young princess, then the birth of a lifeless child, a few hours more of writhing convulsions, and the king's granddaughter, the Char-

lotte so adored by the nation and her own household, with hopes so brilliant, lay dead in the royal chateau of Claremont. As we peruse the sad record of Leopold's delirious agony; as we see him gather around him, one by one, those objects which recalled the loved idol, sitting for hours by the side of her bonnet and cloak, "hung by her own hands only three days before, on a screen in the parlor, on her return from their last ramble;" as we see him cast himself with frantic grief upon the coffin, so convulsed by violent sobbing as to have to be torn at last by force from its embrace, when having the masonry removed from the too contracted tomb that his own body might at last be placed by her side in the royal cemetery, we deem it an impossible thing that such frantic devotion and imperishable memory could ever find solace in any other consort.

Yet mourning over the dead lasteth not forever, and importunate friends are many, who never cease their urgent appeals or kindly solicitation for a second marriage. Many and sad were the years, however, that passed over the desolate life of his royal highness, before such a thought could be harbored within his breast. Still sorrow-stricken and burdened with a load of grief, he attended the nuptials of his sister, Victoria Maria Louisa, with the Duke of Kent, in 1818, and the next year, giving a welcome to the infant Victoria, his sister's child, wherein, it is said, he exhibited the first gleam of joy that had visited his heart, since the fatal bereavement. We find him standing by the side of his dying brother-in-law, Edward of Kent, in 1820, and afterward devoting himself to his widowed sister, in training her child for the high destiny that awaited her; then, by the good, old King George III, when, after ten years of insanity, he died in the eighty-second year of his age. In the festivities attending the coronation of the new king he could not find heart to participate, for his sympathies followed the repudiated wife, the mother of his lost bride, who was then traveling on the Continent. Although he never forsook the unhappy Caroline until her sudden death in 1821, and mayhap fulfilled her last re-

quest that her remains should be conveyed back to the home of her childhood in Germany, and inscribed upon her tomb this epitaph, "Here lies Caroline, England's unhappy and injured Queen," he also watched over the latter years of the new King George IV; until the poor wretch, tortured by disease and pain, with the lash of keenest remorse following him, filled with terror, silent and solitary, in the innermost recesses of his palace, departed to his final reckoning, nine years after the death of his persecuted wife.

From this life of seclusion and sorrow, ten years after the death of the princess Charlotte, Leopold was summoned by the allied powers of Europe, who, through a long and sanguinary conflict, had emancipated the State of Greece from the thralldom of the Turk, to accept its throne. He considered with favor the tempting offer, and even sent in his acceptance of the glittering bauble; but an earnest protest from his sister, the Duchess of Kent, who required his presence as adviser for the young Victoria, if not regent of her kingdom, induced him to retract his first consent, and on the twenty-first of May, 1830, he resigned the undesirable crown.

The three days' revolution in Paris, shortly after, led to earthquake agitation in Belgium, and its Congress, with perfect unanimity, elected Prince Leopold as their sovereign, urging most strenuously his acceptance of the kingdom, to which he finally gave his consent, and was crowned.

His former rival, William of Orange, now asserted his rights to this portion of his dominions, and appeared on the frontier in battle array. Leopold, always brave and skillful, accustomed to the din of arms from his childhood, headed the troops to repel the aggressive foe. At the first onslaught, when the panic-stricken Belgians retreated in dismay, France and England came at once to the rescue, and in the midst of the most peaceful scenes of busy life, war made its appearance, more as a splendid pageant than as embodying a drama of riot and bloodshed. The insurgents being soon defeated, a treaty signed in May, 1833, gave

Leopold undisputed possession of the kingdom.

The time had now fully come when a second marriage for him appeared to be an imperative duty. The State of Belgium, like every other nation, desired heirs to whom the elected king might transmit the crown. Leopold therefore selected as their future queen, Louisa, second daughter of Louis Philippe, King of France, a lady of varied accomplishments, and who, in moral worth, in rare gifts of mind and heart, was indeed worthy to succeed the lovely Princess Charlotte in his affections, and to be the sharer of his throne.

"In the pensive and rich beauty of its Autumnal day," was born of this fortunate and auspicious union, a little princess, who was destined to bear the name of that lovely Princess Charlotte of England, whose untimely death opened the way to the British throne for her fair young cousin. At her baptism she was called Maria Carlotta Amelia; but history will ever recall the unfortunate lady by the simple name of Carlotta, by which she was always designated in her infantile years. We catch only an occasional glimpse now and then of her earlier childhood, which tells of her as constituting the worshipful idol of the royal palace in Brussels, and we learn that at ten years old she lost her excellent mother, of whom says a biographer: "She was a most amiable and virtuous woman, who would have been remarkable for her sense and acquirements, had she not been overshadowed by the superior qualities of her husband." Courageous, discreet, wise, as the daughter of Louis Philippe and wife of Leopold of Belgium should be, she yet sank under her father's misfortunes, which preyed so deeply upon her spirits that she died about the same time as the exiled king, leaving two young sons, an only daughter, and a pleasant and sanctified memory; her only regret in dying, save the desolation of her three motherless children, as expressed by herself, was the grieving to leave her husband to second widowhood, in a situation of political difficulty, the more anxious for being uncertain and obscure.

After this deplorable event Carlotta passed

much of her time with her cousin Victoria at the English Court, where she was often joined by the boyish Archduke Maximilian as companion in recreation and study. That her education was of a high order is attested by the fact of her speaking with equal fluency and elegance English and German, and being nearly as familiar with the Italian language as with her own French vernacular. Her personal qualities appear to have endeared her, not only to England's queen, but to every court and every commoner with whom she came in contact. And this is nearly all we can glean of the young maiden until at seventeen, called at that time "the prettiest princess in Europe," she left the palace of her father at Brussels for the more stately and formal one of Vienna.

Not even the union of her royal father with the Princess Charlotte could have been more perfect in its tender affection and complete symmetry of circumstance than that of his daughter and Maximilian. To the royal house and people of Belgium it was a cause of sincerest rejoicing, and the marriage was particularly agreeable to the young queen of England, who delighted in the archduke's liberal principles both in politics and religion, and was captivated also by his graceful manners, his fine person, and his avowed admiration for the princess-consort of Great Britain. Both the father and mother of Carlotta were morally and intellectually decidedly superior persons, and the princess inherited the virtues and excellencies of each. The father a Protestant, the mother a Roman Catholic, Carlotta adhered to the faith of Louisa of France. It is a source of regret that the more ardent and impulsive nature of the princess should have brought about at last a kind of absolutism in her political notions, making her also a devotee in religion. This unfortunate change gradually induced an estrangement between herself and her English relations, which was heightened on the part of Queen Victoria by her Majesty's disapproval of the Mexican scheme.

Upon the shores of the Adriatic Sea, about three-quarters of an hour's drive from Trieste, over a good level road, which runs



along the water's edge, stands the royal marine villa, or, as it is generally styled, the Castle of Miramar—the home of the young Austrian Prince, Maximilian. Its pretty, cream-colored walls gleam out conspicuously at every turn, situated as it is on its high projecting rock, the central object of interest to all visitors. Winding along from headland to headland, the white palace never fails one in its guiding beauty, although the whole region round about this inland territory is a most savage mass of rocks, being a part of the mountain land of Istria and Dalmatia. A hard, compact, yet crumbling soil, which is said to defy the efforts of the most painstaking and persevering husbandman, the bare stone scarcely allowing any room for the hardiest vegetation, incessantly seamed and riven by the trickling water—a wilderness to drive equally the plowman, the woodman, and the grazer to despair—it seems indeed one of the least promising of earth's skeletons that Maximilian bade his gardener go to work upon. A late visitor to the deserted chateau thus speaks of its surpassing beauty and the means by which it attained such perfection:

"The climate is Italian, to begin with, and what was wanting in the black, arid spot, *earth*, was brought in boats from wherever it could be found, while water was supplied by a stream coaxed down from the height of Nabresina, through an aqueduct following the line of a railway.

"By these means and appliances, parterres of flowers of unsurpassed luxuriance were made to bloom in beautifully laid beds. Walks, and spacious terraces on the right and left and rear of the house; broad alleys and winding paths, fringed with the cypress, the myrtle, the oleander, and all other semi-tropical evergreens—here and there shaded by straggling forest trees—lead to sylvan recesses, where temples, statues, and all the marvels of modern, and especially Italian, gardening are intended to delight the eye. Your conveyance drops you at an invitingly open door—within there is no one to hinder or to guide your movements.

"You proceed along a sunny avenue, the castle being of course the first object of your curiosity. The building, of cream-colored stone, consists of a square mass, with a projecting tower in front and a pavilion somewhat in the rear, the whole turreted, battlemented, machicolated, merely with a view to give the mock fortalice the look of quaint elegance, without suggesting the remotest idea of warlike strength.

"The edifice stands on the very edge of a pointed rock, launched out boldly into deep water—as much in the water as the prow of a ship—the very ultimatum of a sailor's home.

"Miramar, as a building, struck me as lovely; its neatness and the beauty of its matchless situation blinding me to any defect. Round and round that terrace which encompasses the house we wandered. We stood on the broad platform in front, and notwithstanding the noontide sun, which, to use an Italian expression, was 'splitting the stones,' we found it hard to tear ourselves away, even to inspect the garden and grounds, which, after all, constitute the pride and *miracle* of the place."

Another visitor to the castle, the venerable historian, John S. C. Abbott, thus tells us of its interior and general aspect a dozen years and more ago:

"It is one of the most attractive palaces in Europe, placed in the midst of scenery of rare loveliness, and in a delicious clime. In the rear of the castle are gardens, parks, and lawns, embellished with every attraction that wealth and taste can confer. A massive marble staircase descends from the eastern front to the tideless waters of the sea. On the one side its occupants were cheered by the breathing of wind through the foliage and the flowers and the song of birds. On the other the spirit was lulled to repose by the soft murmurs of the sea. The castle is sixty feet high, eighty-four feet wide, and is flanked by a tower which rises to the height of one hundred and forty feet above the surface of the water. In its interior arrangements it has all the elegance and convenience which modern art and wealth can confer."

And in this almost paradisiac retreat, for a brief, halcyon term of years, resided the Archduke Maximilian and his tall, graceful, beautiful wife, Carlotta, a woman remarkably mild and affectionate in disposition, one equally capable of holding her place upon the highest summit either of happiness or misfortune, and upon whom, apparently, every blessing and enjoyment that earth possesses had been lavishly conferred,—youth, health, rank, and the enthusiastic homage of all who surrounded her.

From her childhood Carlotta appears to have had little sympathy with the pageants of courts or royal displays; but, on the contrary, she spent much of her time, both before and subsequent to her early marriage, among the poor and sorrowing; and in the constant perusal of works in various languages—in five of which, French, German, Spanish, Italian, and English, she was fully versed, speaking each with equal fluency—occupied many hours of each passing day.

Maximilian had reached the age of twenty-five at the time of his marriage, that event having been delayed on account of delicate health, which thus enabled him to escape the hereditary error of the Austrian royal family, which from generation to generation had been victimized by too early marriages, subsequent unhappiness, and early decay. Indeed, a fatal shadow of gloom has for centuries brooded over the royal house of Austria, and calamity in some form appears almost inherent to the name of Hapsburg. We find the skeleton within the palace of Maximilian I, when the crazy wife of his eldest son, Joanna, gave birth to the illustrious Charles V, who in turn laid aside all his kingly power and renown, his royal purple and ermine, mocked as they had been for long, bitter years by his false-hearted son, Philip II, and still more by his debased yet tortured grandson, the Prince of Asturias, taking refuge at last in a monastic cell. We trace it through the multiplied and promising race of the adored Empress Maria Theresa, whose sun of life went down amid disappointment, the relentless death of those she loved, political reverses, and domestic woe, born of a stern

despotism which triumphed over every tender affection, and tore away the glittering trappings of an imperial reign that has scarcely ever been equaled.

One of the most pathetic episodes in modern history belongs to this fated race. The grandfather of Maximilian, Francis II, married when barely twenty a very lovely creature, Elizabeth of Württemberg. They had a very merry wedding, as merry as the young archduke and Carlotta, but the merriment did not last long. Francis went off to the wars, leaving his sweet wife in a delicate state of health. During his absence the Emperor Joseph was taken ill, and soon passed beyond the reach of medical aid.

Between the emperor and Elizabeth the most sincere and filial affection existed; she called him by the fond name of "papa," and loved him scarcely less than her husband. When Joseph knew that he could survive but a few hours more, he sent for his favorite to take his leave of her; but fearing that his emaciated aspect might shock her, he had the room carefully darkened before she came, the windows closed, and a single taper lit. But the gloom only aggravated the shock. The young archduchess threw herself on the bed in an agony of grief, kissed her beloved "papa's" cheeks and hands, could not bear to listen to his last blessing, and was carried out of the room in a fainting swoon. She was soon seized with the pangs of maternity, and died in a few hours. The news of her death was borne to the dying emperor.

"I thought," said he, in a feeble voice, "that I was able to bear all the agony of death which the Lord would vouchsafe to lay upon me; but this dreadful calamity exceeds every thing that I have suffered in this miserable world."

It is further related that Francis consoled himself more easily. Returning from the wars, and finding his wife dead, he married the fast and dashing Theresa of Naples, who bore the emperor five children, and at the close of her life, his contemporaries tell us, set a good example to the court. But it made no difference to her husband, who was unmoved when she frolicked and unmoved

when she died. No need is there, however, for the reader to travel backward through by-gone ages, when in our own day such ample proof is furnished of Austria's gloom.

In the pale, wasted reigning empress, it would be difficult to recognize the blooming romantic little Bavarian girl, who, at seventeen, experienced such elation at the brilliant prospects opening before her. She had a dream of joy, poor, thoughtful child, in the hope of becoming one of the beneficent Queens of Hungary, and fancied that already she could see how the Austrian dominions might be more closely knit and truly re-established. Her life, instead, has been a constant fear for the empire, and for the safety of all she loved, and of which she was so justly proud when she received the gift of a royal coronet. The Russian war proved a source of most harassing anxiety to Austria while it lasted; the Franco-Italian war lost her the fair provinces of Lombardy and Venetia; the Prussian war,

which expelled Austria from the German Confederacy, brought the nation to the verge of despair; and once more is the empire, that "mosaic of Temples," as one calls her, ominously threatened. The empress, fragile in health, full of tender sensibility, and refined grace, torn also by domestic griefs, moves through her royal palace a mere shadow of her former self; but the people love her calm, pale face, and never forget the consuming grief of her heart when, at twenty-three years of age, she laid her first-born son within a royal tomb.

But in the peaceful, happy life at Miramar, the bright, young archduchess, transported thither from her gay palace in Brussels, wherein no adverse trial had ever been suffered to come near her, took small heed of these melancholy retrospects of Austria's past, nor could any ominous cloud of coming misfortune be expected to rest down upon Carlotta's stately home of the Adriatic.

#### DEATH OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

AT break of day, on the morning of the battle of Lutzen, Gustavus Adolphus summoned his chaplain, and spent an hour in prayer with him. He afterwards took part in the religious service performed every morning for the soldiers. It was remarked that, contrary to his usual custom, he remained on his knees the whole time. He was absorbed in deepest meditation. He commanded the celebrated war-song, composed by himself, to be sung, which aroused the spirit of his warriors on the eve of battle:

"Fear not, little flock, the tumult and the threatening cries around thee; thine enemies are rejoicing over thy downfall; but their joy shall not endure. Let not thy courage fail. Thy cause is the cause of God. Fulfill thy mission, commit thyself into the hands of the Lord, and thou shalt fear no danger. Another Gideon shall arise to defend the people and the Word of God.

"We trust in the name of Jesus; and the violence and craft of the infidel shall be

turned against themselves. They shall become objects of scorn and contempt. God is with us, we are with him. Victory is ours!"

It was the 6th of November, 1632; a thick fog overspread the scene of the expected combat. Even the most advanced troops were invisible to each other. They heard only the chanted Psalms, overpowered occasionally by the roar of Wallenstein's cannon, which announced the approaching attack. Gustavus Adolphus, waiting the rising of the sun, arranged his army in order of battle, and gave it the ancient watchword, "God is with us." He was on horseback, and without armor. His friends entreated him to shield himself from the fire of the enemy, especially on a day such as that on which they were entering. He replied, "The Lord is my shield." He subsequently passed through the ranks to encourage the soldiers. He first addressed the Swedes: "Beloved countrymen and friends, the day has arrived

wherein you must avail yourselves of all you have learned in your numerous engagements. You have before you the enemy so long sought for, and he is no longer sheltered by formidable intrenchments or lofty mountains; he is there on the plain before us. Not willingly, as you know, does he accept the challenge, nor because he believes himself sure of victory. No; but because he finds it impossible longer to avoid the encounter. Wherefore be ye ready; conduct yourselves as valiant soldiers; fight bravely for your God, your country, and your king." He passed from thence to the left wing of the army, formed by the German auxiliaries. "My brethren and loyal comrades, I entreat and exhort you, by your conscience as Christians and by your honor as soldiers, to do your duty this day as you have done it heretofore. A year ago, and not far from this spot, you conquered old Tilly and his army. I trust the enemy now in front of us will have no better fate. March on with courage; you will fight not under my orders, but with me and by my side. I will lead the way. I am ready to risk my life, and shed my blood with you. Follow me. Trust in God, and gain a victory of which you and your descendants shall reap the fruits for evermore. Remember that if you are conquered, farewell for ever to your religion and your liberty." The soldiers responded to the words of their leader by enthusiastic shouts of joy.

Gustavus Adolphus, far from joining in their transports, was more grave than usual, and appeared almost sad. He had made all his arrangements as a man preparing for death. He had appointed the Duke Bernard de Weimar his successor in command, in the event of his falling in the battle. The melancholy overshadowing his countenance indicated the solemn thoughts which stirred his soul, and the last regret bestowed on the purest earthly affections before giving himself unreservedly to God forever. Toward eleven o'clock the fog dispersed, and the rays of the sun illumined the fields of Lutzen. When the two armies were in sight,

Gustavus Adolphus inclined his head and prayed for the last time mentally and with astonishing fervor. Then raising his eyes to heaven, his hands clasped over the hilt of his sword, he exclaimed, "Jesus, Jesus, be thou my aid in this day, wherein I strive for the glory of thy holy name." He waved his sword above his head and added, "Forward now, in the name of the Lord."

After a fierce struggle the soldiers of Gustavus remained masters of the field of Lutzen. But the victory was turned into mourning that day for the Swedish army. Their beloved king was dead. Nothing could compensate for that irreparable loss. The troops mourned for him as for a father; and all the Protestants of Europe regarded their dearest hopes as buried with him in his tomb. But the cause of which he was the champion was, by the wonderful workings of Providence, carried on in a way inscrutable to human calculation. Who would have believed, when fell the hero of the north, the most valiant and enlightened defender of the Reformed faith, that it would not be the exploits of his gallant successors, but the policy of two Roman cardinals, that would give to Germany the religious freedom for which she had struggled thirty years?

When Gustavus Adolphus was implored to be careful of his life, so precious to the cause of truth, he replied, "God, the all-powerful, ever liveth!" The unexpected issue of this long and cruel war has justified his pious saying, which is otherwise confirmed by many facts in the history of nations, when human calculations are baffled and human combinations brought to nought by the omnipotence and beneficence of the Ruler of the universe.

Gustavus was scarcely forty years of age when he died. He is the very ideal of a Christian warrior. While deploring the sad circumstances of the times, which rendered an appeal to arms necessary for the preservation of higher blessings than mere outward peace, he displayed throughout the conflict as much the piety of the saint as the heroism of the soldier.



## EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

### EDITOR'S STUDY.

#### THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

THE bestowment of the divine Spirit upon faithful men—which is simply God's spiritual access to and abiding with his believing and obedient ones—is a promise for all times and dispensations of the Church, of the fulfillment of which promise the Divine Word is the perpetual record. It was the consolation and guide of the patriarchs; the inspiration of the prophets, and the light and life of the Old Testament Church. That which is now given to believers and to the aggregate Church differs from the former in degree, and in some of its modes of manifestation, rather than in its substance or kind. Indeed, as the Church has been and is essentially the same under all its dispensations, having the same precious faith, with the one atoning Sacrifice as its object and end, so the animating Spirit that guided and sustained the faithful ones of the earlier Church is the same with that which we recognize and worship, and in which we rejoice in this our day of the fullness of Gospel grace. It is evident, however, that for obviously good reasons a special and peculiar manifestation of the Spirit was given to the apostles; first on the day of Pentecost, and afterwards continuously, though evidently with steadily decreasing outward manifestations, till it finally entirely ceased with the apostolic age. But though its "signs" failed from the Church, as did the power of working miracles, its substance and reality with all its blessed results continued as Christ's perpetual legacy to his disciples, all down through the ages, and will do so till the great consummation of his kingdom.

The term "baptism," used in the New Testament to designate the bestowment of the Holy Ghost, is probably simply an accommodation of the idea of John's baptism, and is used to indicate the substance of which that ceremony was but the shadow and type; and, therefore, it should not be made to signify any

thing in respect to the method of the impartation of its grace, nor conversely any thing as to the mode and form of the initial Christian ordinance. It is enough that we are assured that the Holy Ghost shall be given. The gift of the Holy Spirit was promised by Christ to his disciples under circumstances calculated to impress them with a deep sense of its value and importance. In his last and strangely tender interview with them (John xvi), he represented the promised Comforter as more than equivalent to his own personal presence; and after his resurrection, because of its importance and necessity for them, he charged them not to enter upon their great commission until they should receive this promised endowment (Luke xxiv, 40). Its original bestowment on the day of Pentecost is recorded with unusual detail (Acts ii), and its possession is frequently referred to in both the earlier and later Scriptures in such emphatic terms as to leave no doubt of its cardinal character in the Christian scheme. Nevertheless, it would seem to have been strangely overlooked in many ages and sections of Christendom, and its distinctive features have not seldom been imperfectly apprehended even by those who have cordially embraced it as a doctrine and personally experienced its power. A careful looking into the subject may, therefore, not be without its practical utility.

The great importance of this matter to the Christian ministry is all along and with great emphasis set forth in the New Testament. The same truth plainly appears from the altered complexion of the apostles' language and conduct after their reception of this gift. Peter, the self-confident and yet timid disciple, was immediately transformed into the bold but dignified champion of his Lord. The whole eleven, who had before been such weak believers and such dull scholars, at once rose to a just comprehension of the evangelical

scheme. The resistless power with which Stephen spoke before his murderers (Acts ii, 10) was but a sample of that with which all were endued.

But we greatly err if we suppose that this gift was limited to the apostles or to preachers. In the account of the first effusion it is explicitly stated that *all* present partook of it (Acts ii, 4); namely, the entire number of the one hundred and twenty disciples, including men and women (Acts i, 14, 15). The universality of the gift appears in the case of the Samaritans converted under Philip's preaching (Acts viii), and likewise in the family of Cornelius (Acts x, 44). The four unmarried daughters of Philip, "which did prophesy" (Acts xxi, 9), were doubtless enabled to do so through this gift. Indeed, none of the prophecies of this endowment, whether in the Old Testament or the New, limit it to a particular class. Peter, on the day of Pentecost, quoted the prediction of Joel as applying to "all flesh," servants and handmaids alike (Acts ii, 17, 18); and Jesus himself had already referred John the Baptist's declaration of the higher baptism to the same event (Acts i, 5). This gift, then, is the universal privilege of Christians. The "all power" (Matthew xxviii, 18) abides in the aggregate Church and in each individual believer.

It is necessary, however, to distinguish between the *ordinary* and the *extraordinary* features of this divine gift, as exhibited in the apostolic days. There were certain peculiarities then present, such as the power to work miracles, to speak with languages that had not been learned, which history shows have not been permanent in the Church. These special gifts, or miraculous endowments, seem to have been symbolized by the "cloven tongues like as of fire" that sat upon each of the primitive recipients. They were in the first instance directly conferred by God himself, namely, on the day of Pentecost, as was obviously proper and, we may say, necessary; but after that event they were invariably, so far as we know, imparted through the instrumentality of the apostles. The only exception to this is in the case of Cornelius, where a special lesson was to be taught concerning the admission of Gentiles into the Church by God himself; and even here an apostle's presence seems to have been requisite. In all other examples recorded the imposition of apostolic hands seems

to have been an essential condition to the conferment. (See Acts viii, 17, 18; xix, 6; Rom. i, 11.) The miraculous power once imparted seems to have been permanent with each individual; but none except the apostles had the right or ability of communicating the Holy Ghost to another person. Hence after the death of the apostles the power itself became extinct. This was, no doubt, a principal one of their peculiar functions. We commend this fact to the consideration of those who claim to be their lineal successors! The ordinary and exclusively spiritual endowment, which is the perpetual heritage of the Christian Church and the privilege of all true believers, we understand to be still conferred, as it always was, directly by God in answer to prayer, without any intermediation or human instrumentality being necessary, though such may be of use by way of preparing the subjects to expect, and appreciate the sacred gift.

Many questions, curious rather than profitable, are sometimes raised respecting these supernatural endowments; but we must here pass them by as a thing of history and speculation, and of very little personal interest. The manifestations of the Spirit evidently differed widely in individual cases, and were altogether of an arbitrary and abnormal character. The principal information concerning them is contained in 1 Cor. xii-xiv, respecting the proper meaning of which Scripture commentators and exegeses are by no means agreed among themselves.

One example, however, of the experience of this bestowment, recorded in Holy Writ, is of so marked and instructive a character that we must note it somewhat at length. It occurs in Acts xix, 1-7. During Paul's third missionary tour he visited Ephesus, where Apollos had previously labored. The apostle there found twelve men who had become converts to John's baptism, possibly under the preaching of Apollos, prior to the superior enlightenment of the latter by the more spiritual instructions of Aquila and Priscilla. These men had not, therefore, received the gift of the Holy Spirit; indeed, when questioned on the subject, they averred that they "had not so much as heard whether there be any [a] Holy Ghost." By this they could not have meant an utter ignorance of such a divine being, nor of his office work upon human hearts; for not only is the Old Testament, with

which they must have been familiar, full of allusions to the Holy Spirit, but John had expressly taught his disciples to look for the long predicted baptism. We can not suppose that the Hebrew saints had been destitute of that heavenly influence without which no genuine religious fruit can possibly grow in the human heart; for the very heathen owed all their real piety to the unconsciously anticipated virtue of the incarnate Redeemer. The same Spirit which brooded over the primeval deep (Gen. i, 2) was the Spirit of Christ (John i, 3), without which none are his (Rom. viii, 9). It was he, as the Jehovah, Logos, who wrought all the wonders of the Mosaic dispensation. (1 Cor. x, 3.) The inspiration, whether personal or official, of all the Old Testament characters proceeded, by their own acknowledgment, from this source. The seventy elders (Exodus xxiv, 10) stood on the same spiritual platform with the beloved disciple in Patmos (Rev. iv). Abraham, entering into God's covenant, symbolized by the lamp and the smoking furnace (Gen. xv, 17), rejoiced to behold Christ (John viii, 56). Jacob's ladder (Gen. xxviii, 12) was a lively type of Christ (John i, 51), the sole medium of intercourse with heaven. David and the prophets abound with recognitions of the Holy Spirit's presence and power in religious experience. Most of the above instances seem to indicate in respect to their subjects unusual frames of mind and special inspirations, but some of them speak the ordinary language of private devotion. The Ephesian converts, therefore, must obviously have meant that they did not expect for themselves what they were entirely familiar with in past history as the privilege of a few favored individuals, or, at most, that they did not look for an immediate fulfillment of the Baptist's announcement concerning the Spirit [of which probably they had as yet only very inadequate appreciation]. Their experience then and after this was of course similar to that of their fellow-Christians.

We come, therefore to the difficult task of discriminating the perpetual from the transient manifestations of this precious gift of Christ to his Church in its bearing upon ordinary religious experience. We must clear the way for the discussion by a few preliminary considerations, which we will treat with as little metaphysical abstraction as possible.

All the functions of the Holy Spirit are in one sense preternatural, that is, they are outside of, and superior to, our natural faculties; and the spiritual capabilities with which they invest us are in that sense supernatural. But a miracle is more than this. It is not only beyond and above nature, but still within the realm of nature. The gift or gifts of the Holy Spirit to which we now allude are not opposed to our essential nature, but they come from beyond its sphere, but often become supplemental, auxiliary, or recuperative to it. This is in accord with another important truth, which we are apt to overlook. Our Lord, in his discourse to Nicodemus declared that as "the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." (John iii, 8.) The operations of the Spirit are inscrutable, even to the subject of them, as to their mode of action; consciousness reveals to us only the *fact*, not the manner nor the origin of our religious experiences. These last we must learn from some other criterion or source. The apostle, therefore, very properly exhorts us to "try the spirits [both in ourselves and in others, by means of the written Word, and their fruits], whether they are of God." (1 John iv, 1.) If we had, like the apostles, the inspired gift of "discerning spirits," perhaps we might, to some extent, dispense with these accessory tests. Now the reason why we are unable to distinguish by any infallible internal mark or quality the author or tendency of our cognitions, impulses, or emotions, even when they are really due to the influence of the Holy Spirit, is because these divine influences, however genuine or powerful, all lie in the plane of our own proper mental faculties, appearing to the consciousness as of subjective origin. They, in fact, use these faculties as their channel or vehicle, just as the electric current runs along the telegraphic wire precisely the same whether the thunder-storm or the magnetic machine give the impulse, and whether the telegram be from friend or foe, a truth or a lie. It is a great and dangerous error, alike unscriptural and unphilosophical to assume for any one that he is directly conscious of any divine influence as such. Whether it is God himself, or Satan, that is operating the wires in his soul, he can only tell for a cer-

tainty, by a comparison of the character and bearing of the message with some external rule or standard.

It follows from this law, that aside from the miraculously inspired experience of prophets strictly so called—which no sound Christian now claims, and of which we could only speak theoretically—we are to expect no ecstatic, frenzied, or extravagant demonstration as the essence, concomitant, or mark of the spiritual endowment which we are considering. We say not this from any sympathy with such a quietism as Upham has learned from Madame Guion, which teaches that no influence of the Holy Spirit tends to flutter, disturb, or agitate the soul. Unquestionably some terribly disquieting convictions often reach the bosom of the penitent, and many distressing emotions sometimes invade the peace even of the believer; and we are far from dissociating God's Spirit with these. We only mean that fantasy, rhapsody, and spiritual transcendentalism are no more signs of the religious endowment which we are considering than is catalepsy, vociferation, or glee. All these may thrill the nerves; and so may music, or poetry, or a landscape. It is only when God plays upon the key-board that the divine harmony is awakened, and only when he speaks the sacred whispers of soul respond. It is said that some of Mr. Wesley's most impressive sermons were delivered with wonderful calmness. There was more power because more pathos in the "still, small voice" which spoke to the despondent prophet at Horeb, than in all the "thunders and lightnings and a thick cloud" at Sinai. Both in bodily exercises and mental transports heathen devotees have often excelled, and Mohammedan dervishes are adepts in these unprofitable bodily exercises.

But we must give a positive, and not merely a negative statement of the baptism of the Holy Spirit. This involves a somewhat close analysis of religious states and processes, in the formulation of which Christian denominations are not fully at one, though the agreement may be more nearly complete than it sometimes seems.

The acts of God's part in conversion are essentially two, justification, or the pardon of sin, which takes place in the divine mind; and regeneration, which is also an initial sanctifica-

tion, which takes place in the human soul.\* These two co-ordinate elements are inseparable from the very beginning of any true religious life in the Bible sense, and they are, therefore, characteristic of every genuine believer, whether in the Old or the New Economy. Thus Saul, the first Hebrew king, was "turned into another man" when he met the company of the prophets (1 Samuel x, 6), although he afterwards fell from grace; and Saul, the first chief persecutor of the infant Church, received the same change on the way to Damascus, and continued steadfast in it to his life's end. Jacob experienced a similar spiritual transformation as he wrestled with the angel—for be it carefully noted that his vision of the ladder resulted only in a conditional promise of future consecration to God (Genesis xxviii, 20, 21); but the apostles were no doubt converted men long before the day of Pentecost; for Judas could not otherwise have been an apostate (John xvii, 12). Both these acts—forgiveness and the new birth—are necessarily instantaneous and complete at once, because they are *acts*, and divine ones. They are not processes, but each is a fact, which must be perfected whenever their conditions are met, matured, or perfected. Sanctification, on the other hand, is the outcome of a progressive work, begun at conversion and completed, whether gradually or instantaneously, at a subsequent stage. Possibly it might have been completed at conversion, had the subject possessed adequate intelligence and faith, and it might be perfectly attained at any other point of the Christian's career on the concurrence of the same requisites; but this all-conquering faith is itself a divine endowment. In point of fact, it is usually deferred till fatal sickness or utter decrepitude has wanned the heart from earth, or it is even postponed to the hour of dissolution, if, indeed, it is granted, as is generally assumed, but not proved, that the saved soul entering Paradise, must be, in the fullest sense, "cleansed of all sin." At whatever moment this great change may be fully achieved, it is, of course, entirely the work of

\* Justification, or pardon, is not an act implying any change in God's mind; but, rather, a recognition on his part of the changed relation which the sinner has himself assumed (by the power of the Holy Spirit), by ceasing from his rebellion, and submitting to the divine terms of reconciliation.



God, that is, of the influence of the Holy Spirit.\*

Now there are two other and more special offices of the Holy Spirit, which it is the privilege of Christians to experience, accessory to, but not necessarily implied in, any of the three acts or operations already specified. It is these that are the distinctive features of Christianity, as a personal religion. They were not known, at least not in this precise form, to the Old Testament saints. They are very nearly allied to each other, and have strong affinities, especially to regeneration; but they have some peculiar features in both these aspects. They are *the witness of the Spirit*, and *the baptism of the Spirit*. The former is the seal of adoption, and the latter the earnest of the inheritance. They are both very clearly set forth in Paul's writings, especially in the Epistle to the Romans. They are not identical. The "witness" is *objective and conclusive*; it looks to our relation as children of God, and is incapable of growth, although it may occasionally be somewhat obscured. The "baptism" is *subjective and cumulative*; it drinks in the luxury of the divine communion, and expands by successive impartations. The one is a recognition of our relation to God, the other our enjoyment of him. The apostle seems to have expressed their mutual correlation in an admirable figure: "We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." (2 Cor. iii., 18.)†

We have said that these two great blessings properly attend the conversion of the soul. We think they would always accompany it simultaneously, if the subject were duly instructed to expect them. But in point of fact there often is an interval, sometimes a considerable one, between that event and these. We are not sure that the "witness" and the "baptism" may not themselves be occasionally

separated by a longer or shorter interval of time. Certainly many believers do not immediately enter into the assurance of adoption, and it is quite as certain that very many know little if any thing, for a long time or for all their lives, of the true baptism of the Spirit.

It is proper that we should, if possible, discriminate a little more closely still. In describing, as well as we may, in a last analysis, this "baptism," we premise, of course, that only by actual experience can it be truly apprehended. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned (1 Corinthians ii, 14), and only they who are taught of God by the Holy Ghost can understand the deep things of the Spirit. In the gracious economy of this gracious gift is the common privilege of believers, giving fervor to the heart, earnestness to the life, and unction to the words in divine things. By virtue of this endowment, prayer is changed from a cold and formal routine to a living and spontaneous intercourse; heaven becomes a present reality, instead of a dim prospect; Christ dwells in the heart, and not merely reigns over it. There is a glow, a joy and a freedom in all the feelings, looks, and acts of the possessor of this gift that shows he has found peace, rest, and satisfaction. The emotions may not always rise to rapture; they may at times be even depressed to grief; but there will be a sweetness in sorrow itself, and a gladness in the very humiliation; for the company of Jesus will still be realized. In one word, it is the sunshine of the elder brother's presence in the soul that makes all the difference between the [spiritually] unbaptized servant of God and the baptized son. This baptism is especially evident in season of revival, to which, indeed, it often holds the double relation of cause and effect, not only enabling believers to enjoy such "refreshing from the presence of the Lord;" but especially qualifying them for useful labors at such times. A word uttered under the inspi-

\* Few if any evangelical theologians are prepared to maintain that physical death itself has any purifying power over the soul, and certainly none but Romanists assert a purgatorial cleansing in the intermediate state. [And, yet, may not the state be one of great spiritual growth, in both the positive and negative aspects of sanctification?]

† [In its mode, is the witness of the Spirit made directly to the human consciousness, assuring the believer of his acceptance? or, is that assurance a logical infer-

ence, necessarily resulting from the fact that "we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ?" If he creates his "peace" in the lately sin-oppressed soul, such change comes at once within the sphere of consciousness, so giving assurance of reconciliation, while the abounding joy, and power of access to God, become also evidence of sonship, in answer to which spiritual estate, the Divine Comforter became the "Spirit of Adoption," by whose teachings we realize our sonship, and instinctively cry, ABBA, FATHER.]

ration of such a baptism, is often more effectual in reaching the heart both of believers and unbelievers than a sermon without it. Indeed, the success of all human efforts in this line depends almost wholly upon the presence and extent of this power.

It will not be inferred, as has been already intimated, that such baptisms are limited to any special times or places or occasions. They may come in the solitary and silent meditation of the closet; but we believe they are more frequently experienced in the social exercises of "the communion of saints." They are various in both form and degree, and may often be repeated, until the soul at length becomes "full of glory and of God."

This baptism is neither the same with entire sanctification, nor is the latter the invariable result of the experience of the former. Some may have, perhaps, unwittingly, but not therefore harmlessly, confounded the two under the vague name of "the second blessing." This is rather the doorway, the roadway to that exalted attainment. Multitudes, it must be believed, are walking in its light and peace and joy, who are, nevertheless, conscious of numerous spiritual failings, who may even, though not of necessity, be overcome by temptation, and fall into momentary—never into deliberate—sin. But if they abide in the Spirit, they are enabled by divine grace immediately to take hold upon the Great Restorer, and to taste anew the "mystic joys of penitence;" and to rejoice anew in the power of saving grace. All those who thus faithfully hold on to Christ by the Spirit, will at length prove completely victorious, and will be enabled to shout on earth as well as in heaven their triumph over every inward and outward foe.

In conclusion, the sad truth must be conceded, that this great boon has been and still is but very inadequately appreciated by Christian believers. There are whole classes of good men and women—entire Christian denominations, in fact—who decri or neglect it altogether. They deem and style it fanaticism, enthusiasm, hallucination. Methodists,

we are sorry to say, are occasionally heard to speak slightly or derisively of it. But more frequently is its experience unknown rather than denied among us. The fathers and mothers prized and enjoyed it, perhaps, but in sadly many cases the sons and daughters, although born in the covenant, cradled in the sanctuary, nursed in the Sunday-school, and reared in the prayer circle, have failed to realize it themselves. How many are brought into the Church, and live and die in our communion, whose hearts and lips have never quivered with its inspiration! Hence, class-meetings decline, because there is no real spiritual experience to tell. Such persons may be valuable members in many respects, they may be real Christians in principle and purpose; it may be hoped in our all-embracing charity, that if they persevere they will at last reach heaven; but oh, what a treasure of experience they miss on earth, what rich antepasts of the final bliss, and what divine comfort under mortal ills! And in what perpetual danger of coming short finally do they pass through life! How much more useful would they be if the Spirit's coal were touched upon their mouth, and burned down into their soul. Methodism, if we have read her origin and history and success aright, has the special duty and office of reviving, maintaining, and spreading this form of Scriptural holiness through the lands; and if she allows the fire of devotion and the zeal of spirituality to decay in her ministrations, whatever else she may attain to or become, her greatest glory will have departed, and her highest mission will have failed. But God will not leave himself without a witness in the earth. If we prove unworthy, other organizations or agencies will be raised up to take up the discarded or deserted banner, and bear it over the world. The motto that has ever signalized wide conquest for Christ's kingdom, from the days of the Redeemer's herald to the modern evangelist, is the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, and the same is the prophetic token of the millennium.

J. S.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

FRANCE.—The Prince de Montmorency-Luxembourg, who died recently at Paris, was the last descendent of two of the oldest noble families in Europe. Their name figures on nearly every page of French history, away back to the year 1000. In that extraordinary line we meet no less than six constables, twelve marshals and admirals, generals, cardinals, and ambassadors without number. The records of the family were perfectly kept from the times of Matthieu I, Grand Constable of France, who was then so much of a personage that his hand was accepted by Adelaide de Savoy, widow of Louis le Gros, and mother of King Louis VII. Under King John, Francis I, Henri IV, and many other monarchs, the Montmorencys were famous. Another joined Gaston d'Orleans in his plot, and had his head cut off by order of Cardinal Richelieu. It was the sister of this Montmorency who was so celebrated for her beauty in the court annals of the time, and who became the mother of the Grand Condé. At the same time this gentleman was the last descendant of the family of Luxembourg, all celebrated as warriors. The family gallery of portraits is one of the most famous in the world. Prince de Montmorency-Luxembourg was a quiet, modest, unassuming old gentleman, who refused to have any thing to do with the politics of his time. He shunned the court; he could not bear notoriety of any kind. Every house in France was open to him; yet he lived among a very small circle of friends. Once, however, he was forcibly drawn out of his privacy, and that was when the Emperor, Napoleon III, bestowed the title of Duke de Montmorency, upon his young relative, de Talleyrand-Perigord. The heir of Prince Talleyrand had the blood of Montmorencys in his veins, and was the one of all others who should have been adopted by the prince as his heir. But the prince resisted the decree of the emperor, and asked the law courts to prevent Talleyrand from bearing the name of Montmorency. He lost his case; but public opinion was on his side. Duke Talleyrand-Perigord is now Duke de Montmorency, but he is only connected with that famous family through the marriage of a

Talleyrand with a Demoiselle de Montmorency. He is the owner of the famous Talleyrand memoirs, that will be published some day or other, probably when the leading contemporaries of Talleyrand have passed away.

SOUTH AMERICA.—In 1876, the Columbian Republic appointed a Commission, to which was intrusted an investigation into the feasibility of cutting a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Darien, by way of the Tuyra River, which discharges itself into the Gulf of San Miguel on the Pacific Coast. Lieutenant Wyse, who headed the expedition, has written a brief account of his operations during the year 1876 to 1877, to the French Geographical Society. Two routes were suggested by the expedition, one by way of Paya River (a tributary of the Tuyra), and the Caquirri, where the watershed between the two streams is only two hundred and fifty yards long, but its height is one hundred and fifty yards above low water. The other route, Lieutenant Wyse considers more practicable; but unfortunately the early setting in of the rains prevented its being completely examined. It lies more to the north, along the valley of the Tupisa, and the furthest point reached by the expedition was thirty-four yards above the sea-level, and much closer to the Atlantic than any other place of corresponding height on the alternative route. Lieutenant Wyse considers, that with ordinary energy and perseverance, the construction of a canal across Columbian territory may be looked upon as a certainty.

LAPLAND.—An important exploration of Russian Lapland is being carried out by the Swedish Lieutenant Sandeberg. Hitherto only the coast of the region has been known with any thing like accuracy, the interior features being set down solely from conjecture. Lieutenant Sandeberg commenced his work in 1876, and we learn from the *Geographische Blätter* (Heft 1, 1876), of the Bremen Society, it will be continued till 1880. The country will be carefully explored, and accurate observations taken, which will enable Lapland to be at last mapped satisfactorily. Lieutenant Sandeberg is accompanied by several zoölogists, who

are investigating minutely both the main-land, island, and sea fauna, and have already made considerable additions to our knowledge in this direction. During the last two Summers Sandeberg has found seventy-eight new species of birds in the Rola Peninsula, of which one at least is stated to be quite new to science. Large collections in other departments have also been made. Previous to Sandeberg, no educated European has explored Russian Lapland, which is of such great importance to the zoölogist, geologist, botanist, and archæologist. Among other finds it may be mentioned that near Golotzk on the east coast of the White Sea, he found a great ancient manufactory of flint implements of the stone age, of the purest and highest Scandinavian forms, which previously had been seldom found east of the Baltic, and never on the coast of the Arctic Ocean or the White Sea. The collections will be divided between the State Museums of Russia, Sweden, and Norway, all three countries affording facilities for the conduct of the exhibition.

#### AIR TRAVEL AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—

One of the most interesting and amusing objects to be afforded to the visitors of the French Exposition is the balloon of a dimension far exceeding any thing ever heard of. It is now constructing under the direction of the world-renowned aeronaut, Gaston Tissandier, of Paris, and is to contain not less than twenty-five thousand cubic metres of gas, which is prepared in apparatus especially constructed for this monster balloon. It will be higher than the Arch of Triumph, of the L'Etoile, at the end of the Elysian Fields, and is to carry fifty persons. The ropes on which it is fastened, are, in its descent, rolled up by two boilers of six hundred horse-power each. The balloon will ascend to the height of five hundred metres, and therefore afford a most magnificent bird's-eye view of Paris and surroundings.

**FOREIGN ITEMS.**—In October a *General Conference on Foreign Missions* will be held in London, at which representatives from all the Evangelical bodies are to be present. A like conference was held in Liverpool, March, 1860; which was attended by one hundred and twenty missionaries and directors of mission work. The approaching conference, it is hoped will

be larger and not end like the former in mere consultation.

—Skobelev is the only Russian among the generals who have distinguished themselves during the recent war. Gourko is a Lithuanian, Radetzky is a Gallician, Todleben, a German, and the conquerors of Asia Minor are Arminians.

—Hawaii has had its centennial. The exact date was January 18, 1878. Little notice was, however, taken of the event, except in *The Friend*, the bright newspaper, long edited by an American missionary, and now the oldest periodical sheet in the Pacific. The first missionaries arrived at Honolulu, April 18, 1820.

—It is announced that a great Roman Catholic Congress, similar to the one held at Poitiers in 1875, will take place this year in a town near Paris. The spot will be chosen on a line of railway leading to the capital, so as to enable the Catholics visiting the exhibition to take part in the meetings.

—On the first Sunday after the opening of the Paris Exposition eighty thousand persons visited the grounds. Now the French papers in Europe and in this country point with pride to this Sabbath desecration, as an evidence of how un-puritanic France is.

—Quite in contrast with the foregoing is the report from two Wesleyan stations in France. Creucy, an interesting village in the Haute Marne, has become Protestant almost to a man. And at and around St. Dizier, at the opposite end of the same department, there exists a similar hopeful state of things. Surely the scoffers have it not all their own way.

—A divine, of high attainments as a scholar and logician, has been removed by death not very long after having achieved a reputation for rare ability as a theological writer,—the Rev. Dr. J. B. Mozley, Regius Professor of Divinity, and Canon of Christ Church, at Oxford, and Vicar, Old Shoreham, who died lately in his sixty-fifth year, "one of the most remarkable thinkers and writers of our time." He stood very much alone as a theologian, and after the Gorham decision he published, in succession, three volumes, which separated him distinctly on the doctrine of *baptism* from the High-church party, to which in the main he belonged. He is also known as the author of a very scholarly treatise on "Miracles."



## ART.

## HEGEL ON CLASSIC ART.

As classic art represents free spirituality under human, individual, and corporeal form, it has often been reproached with anthropomorphism. With the Greeks, Xenophanes had already attacked the popular religion, in saying that, if lions had had sculptors among them, they would have given to their gods the form of lions. The French have in this sense a witty saying, that "God created man in his image, and men have shown their appreciation by providing themselves with gods in human form." But it is to be remarked that, if classic beauty is, in one respect, imperfect when compared with the romantic ideal, the imperfection does not reside in anthropomorphism as such. Far from this, we must admit, that, if classic art is sufficiently anthropomorphic for art, it is too little so relatively to a more advanced religion. Christianity has pushed anthropomorphism much further; for, in the Christian doctrine, God is not merely a divine personification under the human form; he is at once very God and very man. He passed through every phase of human existence. He was born, he suffered, and died. In classic art, sensuous nature does not die, but neither is it resuscitated. Thus this religion does not wholly satisfy the human soul. The Greek ideal has for its basis an unchangeable harmony between spirit and sensuous form—the unalterable serenity of the immortal gods; but this calm has about it something cold and inanimate. Classic art has not comprehended the true essence of the divine nature, nor penetrated to the depths of the soul. It has not known how to develop its inmost powers in their opposition, and again to re-establish their harmony. All this phase of existence—the evil, the sinful, the unhappy, moral suffering, the revolt of the will, remorse, the agonies of the soul—is unknown to it. Classic art does not pass beyond the proper domain of the veritable ideal.

As to its realization in history, it is scarcely necessary to say that we must seek it among the Greeks. Classic beauty, with the infinite wealth of ideas and forms which compose its domain, has been allotted to the Greek people,

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and we ought to render homage to them for having raised art to its highest vitality. The Greeks, to consider their history only from the external side, lived in the happy medium of self-conscious subjective freedom and moral substantiality. They were not enchained in the immobile unit of the Orient, of which the result is political and religious despotism, where the personality of the individual is absorbed and annulled in the universal substance, and thence has neither rights nor moral character. On the other hand, they proceed no farther than to that stage where man concentrates himself within himself; separates himself from society and from the world which environs him, in order to live retired within himself. Hence they connect their conduct with real interests only in turning toward a purely spiritual world. In the moral life of the Greek people the individual was, it is true, independent and free, yet without being able to isolate himself from the general interests of the State, or to separate his freedom from that of the city of which he formed a part. In Greek life the sentiment of general order as the basis of morality remains in changeless harmony with that of personal freedom. At the epoch when this principle reigned in all its purity, the opposition between political and moral law, which is revealed by the moral consciousness, was not yet manifest. The citizens were still penetrated by the spirit which constitutes the basis of public customs. They sought their own freedom only in the triumph of the general interest.

The sentiment of this happy harmony penetrates through all the productions in which Greek freedom has become conscious of itself. So that this epoch is the medium in which beauty begins its true life, and enters into full possession of its serene domain. It is the medium of free vitality, which is not here merely a product of nature, but a creation of spirit, and by this right receives its manifestation in art; it is a mingling of spontaneity and reflection, where the individual is not isolated, but where also he can not connect his faith, his sufferings, and his destiny with a more elevated principle, and knows not how to re-

establish harmony within himself. This moment, like human life in general, was only a transition; but in this instant, so brief, art attains to the culminating point of beauty, under the form of plastic individuality. Its development was so rich and so full of genius that all the colors, all the tones, are there combined. At the same time, it is true, all that has appeared in the past finds its place here no longer as something absolute and independent, but as elements which are subordinate and accessory. Whence, also, the Greek people has revealed to itself its own spirit, in a sensuous and visible manner, in its gods. It has given them in art a form perfectly in accord with the ideas which they represent. Thanks to this perfect accord, which reigns as well in Greek art as in Greek mythology, this was, in Greece, the highest expression of the absolute; and the Greek religion is the very religion of art; while, at a later epoch, romantic art, though it may be as truly art, still gives intimation of a higher form of consciousness than art is capable of representing. (Translated in *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*.)

#### WOMAN'S ART COLLEGE IN ROME.

A FEW months since we noticed the fact that attempts were made to establish an Art College at Rome for the special benefit of women. No capital of the world has so many things to educate the artist as Rome. In no place on the globe is there so much a felt art atmosphere. To study in the Eternal City has for two centuries been the dream and hope of the aspiring artist; not to have enjoyed these associations has been a confession of imperfect opportunities for study. If women are to find in art a sphere for generous activity and honorable rivalry, then should all needed facilities for their thorough training be freely enjoyed. Probably in no city of Europe is there found a more genuine chivalry than in Rome; perhaps in none do women enjoy a more complete immunity from annoyance. It is claimed by some who have been long resident there, that women are unmolested and are secure when visiting the ruins at any hour of day or night. Nevertheless, it is not in accord with the feelings of parents or guardians to leave their daughters or wards to push their way unaided and unguarded in a strange town. The artists of Rome can come together in their clubs, and lead

a life of strong and vigorous independence. In these associations they find much to encourage, to stimulate, and to enliven. But it seems hardly to comport with the nice delicacy of woman's nature, that she should be left thus to rough it in her artistic life, without some special encouragement and protection.

It was with the thought of supplying some such shelter to worthy women, of high art purposes, that an institution has been established in Rome, under the special patronage of the English ambassador, Lady Paget, Lady Marian Alford, Lady Eastlake, and others. The theory is to admit *en pension* all female artists at prices barely sufficient to make the institution self-supporting. It is to be under the care of a lady superintendent, and able instruction is to be afforded to any who may desire it. Professor Cammarairo, of St. Luke's Academy, is at present the able art-director in this College.

During the excessive heat of Summer and early Autumn, it is proposed to remove to the higher lands,—as to the very picturesque scenery of the Alban Hills, or in the vicinity of that old art-center, Perugia,—and continue study under a professor. The establishment is at present under the management of Miss Mayor, the initiator of the movement, and promises to supply just that need which has long been felt by women who desired to study art at Rome. Certainly our American women of wealth should most heartily co-operate with their English cousins in pushing this enterprise to a point of self-support and achieved success.

#### CHEAP DECORATIVE ART.

PEOPLE will ride their hobbies, in spite of the ridicule which these may provoke from the cooler and more sensible. Fashions will have their "run," and "rages" must burn out; it is impossible to appease them by solid reason. This fashion for decoration, which is now so prevalent, what good is to come out of it? The truth is, the dealers in coarse jugs and second-hand wine-bottles have driven a thriving trade for the past few months. Paints have dazzled us, and decalcomanie has kept the fingers of the girls busy from the oldest to the youngest.

Much can be said, on both sides, of this question of ephemeral decoration. First, we are not to despise any process or study which may

be quickening to the artistic faculty. Doubtless among the first things which we Americans need to have done is to awaken a more general appreciation and love of art. And since nothing is better calculated to quicken attention than actual handling and participation in an attempt at art-creation, it might seem that this alone were enough to justify the practice of even that which may have little claim to permanent excellence. The simple handling of colors, and the study and arrangement of even well-prepared bits of paper may arouse the worker to a better endeavor, and direct the novice to that patient working which is so necessary a part of the education of the true artist. There will something stick to a person who has to do with beautiful things. It may be only a sort of loose surface contact, it may not very profoundly move the nature, but even small improvement is better than none at all. The possible awakening of some to a better, purer, more beautiful world around them may justify a large venture, even the precious time which Mr. Trowbridge's "Criticus" so much regrets.

We have thoroughly acquainted ourselves with the other side of this question, and with the stubborn objections which are urged against this sort of endeavor. The education of the decorator to practice the hollow, the deceptive, the meretricious, is urged as the wicked phase of this subject. If this is the sole result attained in households, there can no longer be any hesitation about discouraging and rejecting it. No one claims that our wives and daughters are practicing the highest or the greatest art when they are using varnish and patterns on a jug. No one for a moment claims that the result of such effort would fall under Mr. Ruskin's definition of greatness in art, namely, "that art is greatest which conveys to the mind of the spectator, by any means whatsoever, the greatest number of the greatest ideas, and I call an idea great in proportion as it is received by a higher faculty of the mind, and as it more fully occupies, and in occupying, exercises and exalts the faculty by which it is received."

But is it not true that we must begin art education with the alphabet, and not with some advanced treatise? "I grant it," says the objector, "but the alphabet is true, not false and deceitful." We see the point of such

argument. Nevertheless, it is a fact that a taste for useful reading has been awakened in dull, or in wild, frolicsome boys by a story of daring adventure which has in it hardly an element of sobriety. So is it a fact that some good, true, lasting artistic results are flowing from this rage for cheap decoration. Truth was one of Mr. Ruskin's lamps of architecture. It must be one of the chiefest elements in any high art work. Yet we must not forget that the great mass of people have little time to enter upon extended comparative studies, and must be benefited artistically in that degree and kind which their daily life will allow. We were once strolling through the grounds of a very wealthy gentleman, of the shoddy order, in one of our inland cities. The grounds were most scrupulously cared for, but were broken up into a multitude of little parts which confused and misled. The decorations were correspondingly numerous and trivial. "Barbaric!" exclaimed Father Gavazzi, who was our companion. "Why did not the fellow have *one good thing?*" said the Italian priest, whose delicate taste had been educated by the accumulated art treasures of the Eternal City. "And yet," he added, after a moment's thought, "here is the *promise* of better things, and I would not, therefore, remove them, however offensive to my sense of propriety." Is not here revealed the true principle to guide us in condemning or encouraging this decoration mania? In so far as we see in it a promise or a prophecy of more solid, faithful work and of more real and worthy art products, it would seem the part of wisdom to tolerate it, but it should be the constant aim of our endeavor to substitute for it something more true, more real, and, therefore, more lasting as an art educator and inspiration. As the moral reformer encounters hard problems in the progress of his work, to lift men out of their vices and crimes, and as he is sometimes sorely puzzled as to the means to be used to secure a desired end—as the student of the history of education is sometimes at a loss to choose the wisest methods of instruction, and the best sources of intellectual stimulus—just so does the question of means press upon the thought of one who is engaged in the work of artistic training. All alike feel that ours is a *mixed* condition, and that the "Problem of Evil" is not confined to the theologic world.

## NATURE.

**MEANS BY WHICH PLANTS ARE PROTECTED FROM ANIMALS AND WEATHER.**—Plants are protected from animals by the possession of runners; by close growth; by growing under sheltering bushes (this applies of course to herbs); by twining habits; by epiphytic habits; by the presence of spines and thorns; by all forms of trichomes; by production of organs and tissues suitable to ant-habitation; by growing in water, and by having leaves adapted to holding water at their bases; by rings of hairs on stems (against crawling insects); by slippery, waxy surfaces; by milky sap (this, besides being poisonous to grazing animals, by its exudation impedes the movements of small climbing creatures); by possession of leathery leaves which may be distasteful to grazing animals, etc. Protections against unfavorable weather are runners (which support plants against overweight of snow in alpine and polar regions); aerial roots (which act as props against land-storms and dash of waves); gregarious habits lessening the force of the winds, a result accomplished also by the horizontal position of the branches, deep roots, and strong or slim stems; hairy clothing (which protects against cold, rain, and dew); irritability to light or touch; possession of a waxy outer layer and of a strong cuticle; a thick sap which keeps the circulation active during the period of greatest sun-heat and dry season; ethereal oils which, gradually evaporating, produce resin, a layer of which accumulating on the evaporating surfaces lessens the amount of transpiration; the thick sap of plants growing in deserts, when the difference between the temperature of day and night is very great, protects them from the injury which would otherwise result from this variation; presence of corky tissues which protects against frost; absence of stomata, which, in some cases, prevents entry of thawing snow; thickened roots, which are stores of nutriment and water, and preserve life during times of drought; besides many arrangements by which the reproductive organs are protected from dew, rain, and wind.

**TIME AND LONGITUDE.**—The following problem is propounded by Latimer Clark, in a re-

cent scientific journal, accompanied by this remark: "I purposely avoid giving any reasons, and do not assert that all my views are correct; but I throw out the problem as an amusing one for argument and discussion, as it abounds in apparent paradoxes, at the same time it can not fail to be instructive." Although we often lose sight of the fact, it is, nevertheless, true that any given day or year does not begin all over the world at the same moment, but commencing first at some point in the east, it travels round westward with the sun, so that two different years are co-existent at the same moment, and it is possible for two events to occur a few hours apart, and yet that which happened *first* to occur in 1878, and the later event in 1877. In the same way each day of the weeks starts somewhere to the eastward of us and dies somewhere in the west. Taking, then, any given day of the week, say Monday, the problem is, when and where did last Monday first commence? where did it end? and how long did it exist? Or, to put a similar question, Where did the year 1878 commence, and at what Greenwich time? Suppose that Monday commenced in New Zealand somewhere about noon on Sunday, but not exactly at noon, its commencement at that time and place being in no way connected with its position as our antipodes, but being a mere accident of civilization. If the whole northern hemisphere should become inhabited and civilized, the day would then begin at Behring Straits, and would last forty-eight hours. A person crossing Behring's Straits east or west would gain or lose a whole day just as he now does by sailing round the globe; so that he might easily cross over and spend a few hours of *to-morrow* with his friends, and return in time for dinner *to-day*, or might enjoy New Year's eve on two successive days. If the Pacific Ocean became inhabited land, a meridian would have to be chosen as a starting-point for the day, and a person stepping across this imaginary line would gain or lose a day. At the same moment that Sunday morning was commencing on one side of this line, Monday morning would be commencing on the other, and there would be constantly two dif-



ferent days going on, side by side with twenty-four hours' difference of time between them, though only a few yards apart. It would be possible for a person standing astride this line to have for an instant one foot in Monday morning, the other foot in Monday night, and his body in the previous Sunday.

**A SHEEP'S SENSE OF HEARING.** It is said that so acute is the sheep's sense of hearing that she can distinguish the cry of her own lamb among as many as a thousand others, all bleating at the same time; and the lamb, too, is able to recognize its mother's voice even though it be in the midst of a large flock. James Hogg, who was a shepherd as well as a poet, tells us that it was very amusing to watch the sheep and lamb during the shearing season. While the sheep were being shorn the lambs would be confined in a fold by themselves, and the former would be sent to join their little ones as soon as the operation of shearing was over. The moment a lamb heard its mother's voice it would hasten from the crowd to meet her; but instead of finding the "rough, well-clad, comfortable mamma," which it had left a short time before, it would meet a strange and most deplorable-looking creature. At sight of this it would wheel about, uttering a most piteous cry of despair, and perhaps run away. Soon, however, the sheep's voice was heard again; the lamb would thereupon return, then once more bound away; sometimes repeating this conduct a dozen times before it could fully accept this gaunt creature as its mother.

**THE NERVES.**—It seems a simple thing for a person to extend the hand and touch—say a table. Let us consider. The wish originates in the mind. Through the nerves, then, flows this wonder-force as the consequence of the desire. Flashing down the arm and finger, it intrudes itself upon the muscles; rousing them from their state of rest, it calls them into action, and, like a stern task-master, that brooks no opposition, insists upon the instant execution of its commands. The muscles obey; the arm and finger are duly moved, and the latter member brought into contact with the table. The desired action has been accomplished, you say, through the transformation of brain-force into nerve-force, through the transmission of this force to the

muscles, and through the subsequent stimulation, contraction, and movement of these latter structures. So far, the steps of the action are clear enough. But this is not all. The details just given involve only one-half of the action of touching the table. How do you know you have touched the object in question? You reply, "because I see I have, and I feel I have touched it." Quite right; but "seeing" and "feeling" are both nervous acts, involving operations as complicated as those by which you set your muscles to work. Suppose, for the sake of clearness, that a blind man touches the table. His knowledge of that part of the outer world represented by the table is gained by one sense only—that of touch. You say he knows he has touched the table, "because he feels it." And what is feeling? To answer these questions we must try to understand what these "senses" of ours are, and what the possession of a sense implies. Professor George Wilson long ago called the senses the "gateways of knowledge," and the term is an exceedingly appropriate one. For through these five or six gate-ways comes information upon all manner of subjects, and upon which information, like sagacious policemen, we are bound to act.

**"TEA-POT SPINNING."**—The manufacture of table-spoons and forks, many forms of brass-work, cutlery, percussion-caps, copper pans and kettles, medals and coins, and a thousand other articles of every-day use, all depend upon the possibility of forcing the metal into various shapes without fracturing it, by mechanical processes, such as forging, punching, pressing, embossing, and the like. One of the prettiest illustrations of the application of the pressing and shaping force is afforded by the processes in use for tea-pot spinning; that is, the production of a britannia-metal tea-pot by a process technically termed "spinning." The alloy being rolled into sheets of convenient thickness, a circular disc is cut out and placed in a kind of lathe, the disc being pressed against a nearly hemispherical wooden chuck. The lathe being set in motion, the workman presses against the off side of the disc with a peculiarly shaped tool, held steadily by means of a rest, so as gradually to bend the metal over the mold, converting the disc into a bowl. The bowl thus formed is taken off the lathe,

and set with the convex side fixed into the concavity of a hollowed-out chuck; by the aid of two differently shaped tools, held one in each hand, and applied, the one within and the other without the rim of the bowl, the metal is gradually bent inwards as it revolves, so as finally to take an almost globular shape. The lid, spout, handle, etc., are attached, and the whole polished for the market. During the spinning the edge of the disc becomes diminished to almost half that in the bowl, and to about one-quarter in the globular pot,

the metal being as it were pressed in upon itself, as well as somewhat extended. In a similar fashion jugs and analogous vessels are "spun up" out of plates, the lips for pouring being subsequently shaped by carefully hammering or pressing out the metal on a wooden mold. Silver articles are frequently curved by a like operation; the second stage, however, can not be so well applied to silver, so that if a closed-in vessel, like a tea-pot, it is usually made in two pieces, and afterward neatly soldered together.

### RELIGIOUS.

**THE GERMAN REFORMED CHURCH OF THE UNITED STATES.**—This body is the historical continuation in this country of the Reform branch of the Protestant Reformation of Germany. The great movement of the sixteenth century in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church first gave to all who opposed the errors and corruptions of Rome the name *Reformed*. But in due time, after the success of the Reformation, the advocates of a distinct tendency in the Protestant Church constituted the "Reformed Church." It was not, like the Lutheran, related to the peculiar spirit of one man. Its type and character were not dependent primarily upon the genius, faith, and spirit of Martin Luther, but were wrought out rather by a succession of ministers and theologians of many lands. Switzerland, France, the Low Countries, and the German provinces bordering on the Rhine, where labored Zwingli, Bullinger, Calvin, Melancthon, Olevianus, Farel, Ursinus, and others of the same type, were the generators of this type of the Christian faith. The first embodiment of "Reformed" theology was the "Palatinate Catechism," so called because it was adopted by a Synod convened for the purpose January 19, 1563, by order of Frederick III, in the Palatine, but better known by the popular name of *Heidelberg Catechism*, from the university in which Ursinus and Olevianus, the authors of the work, were professors of theology. The adoption of this catechism and an order of worship conformable thereto signalizes the birth of the *German Reformed Church*.

The religious persecutions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries on the Continent of Europe drove many Protestants to this side of the Atlantic. Among those who came in our later colonial days, the Quakers have played a most important part in our national history. But next to the settlements which the Society of Friends effected here we know of no class of religionists who have contributed so largely to the material and spiritual growth of the State which William Penn founded as the "Reformed" immigrants from the Palatinate. In a country so prevaillingly English as ours is these German ecclesiastical ancestors were, of course, excluded from much public notice by reason of their distinct language and social habits; yet "in their own sphere and way," as has been well said, "they have rendered most important service to American Christianity." It is now more than one hundred and fifty years since their first settlement in Pennsylvania, and yet they not only hold the ground originally occupied by them geographically, but religiously stand so firmly by the faith and culture which their forefathers brought with them, that most persistent efforts have failed to entice or push them from the old foundation.

For a long time dependent on the "home" Church, the German Reformed in America, in 1793, established themselves independently of foreign oversight and control, and adopted a "Synodal-Ordnung," which has ever since remained in force. Until 1825, with two or three exceptions only, all Churches of this

body conducted public worship in German, but since that time the English has been adopted by many congregations west of the Susquehanna and south of the Potomac. There are, however, still fifty thousand of these people, mainly in Pennsylvania, among whom the German, or the Pennsylvania dialect of that language, is exclusively used, and owing to the extensive immigration of Germans, the number for whom the service must be performed in the German is rather on the increase, now that the lines between native and foreign Reformed have been clearly drawn. Two of the six synods into which the Church is divided are German; so are four of the sixteen periodicals which they publish, and two of the five colleges which they maintain. Here and there a Church performs the service of the Church in both English and German.

The distinctive title of "German" it was voted to drop about eight years ago, yet it is generally still affixed to distinguish it from the Dutch Reformed, which has also dropped its distinctive appellation. The latter now goes by the name of "The Reformed Church in America," while the German Reformed bears the name of "The Reformed Church in the United States." At the recently held triennial session of the German Reformed in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, the seat of their Franklin and Marshall College, and of one of their theological seminaries, the Church was reported to count 680 churches, 1,368 ministers, and 146,901 confirmed members, representing a population of about 250,000 souls.

In regard to doctrine and government the principles and distinctive peculiarities of the "Reformed Church in the United States" are those of the Reformed Churches generally. Next to the Bible, the Heidelberg Catechism, in its true historical sense, is the only standard of faith. There is a leaning to the Calvinistic ruling, modified, however, in regard to the divine decrees and related doctrines. The only peculiarities of this Church in distinction from some other reformed Churches, appear in *forms* provided and recommended for use mainly for sacramental and other special services and in the observance of the leading festivals commemorating the cardinal Gospel facts—Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, Ascension Day, and Pentecost. All innovations in doctrine and worship by those cherishing a

High-church tendency and strong leaning towards pre-reformatory principles have been steadfastly and firmly opposed, and the discussions to which the Church has been subject for over twenty years have finally resulted in a clearer apprehension, a warmer and more intelligent appreciation, and a more resolute maintenance of the doctrinal standard.

**THE UNITED BRETHREN in Christ** are sorely agitated. There is a decided demand for lay representation in the councils of the Church, and for the repeal of the anti-secrecy law. A convention of the disaffected was held at Dayton, Ohio, and it was there resolved to hold another convention in 1880.

**WORK OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.**—The work of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, from its organization, has been summed up as follows: In all, three hundred and fifty Churches have been organized, into which have been received over eighty thousand communicants; while the missionaries have scattered abroad, through upward of twenty-three hundred different publications, in forty-six languages, more than 1,300,000,000 pages of educational and religious literature. They have reduced twenty-six languages to writing, and prepared grammars and dictionaries of great value both to missionaries and to students of comparative philology.

**THE SEATS IN THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**—The Church of the American aristocracy has at last come to the conclusion that the Gospel of Christ is for the poor as well as the rich, and that permanent prosperity is only insured to an ecclesiastical body ready to admit to its folds all classes and conditions of men. Three years ago a society was formed within the pale of the Protestant Episcopal Church for the sole purpose of breaking down the present general practice of renting and selling pews in the churches. This "Free Church Association" recently held its third annual meeting at Philadelphia, and reported 285 clerical, 13 life, and 126 annual contributors; besides enjoying the patronage of 21 of the bishops. Its great prosperity enables the society to go beyond its originally intended mission, and it now assumes also the work of Church extension, standing ready to grant pecuniary assistance to such feeble Churches as will agree to maintain the free-seat system.

## CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

**PARADOXES.**—Is there any thing more curious or strange in fiction than the simple fact expressed by Thucydides, that ignorance is bold and knowledge reserved? or that by Thomas Fuller, that learning has gained most by those books by which the printers have lost? What is more remarkable than that labor should be so scarce in China, that vast tracts of land lie waste because there are no laborers to reclaim them? That the best building in Iceland should be the jail at Reikiavik, the capital, and that it should never have contained a prisoner? It is hard to believe that Molière, the famous French humorist, and writer of comedies, bore himself with habitual sadness and melancholy. That Cowley, who boasts with so much gayety of the versatility of his passion amongst so many sweethearts, should have wanted the confidence even to address one. That Young, the author of the somber "Night Thoughts," was known as the gayest of his circle of acquaintance. That the pious Cowper should have attempted suicide. That Thomson, the poet of the "Seasons," should have composed so much classic and vigorous verse in bed.

**THE SEAL HUNTERS OF GREENLAND.**—In recent years the use of the seal's skin as a fur has become so very general that the hunting of this animal is now made the common profession of the far north. Many seals are taken at the Magdalen Islands on the northern shores of the Shetland Isles, and on the Labrador coast, but the principal hunt is on the coast of Greenland. A writer in "The Field," a London periodical, vividly depicts the home of these hunters, when made merry by their return from their venturesome exploits. "Evening is the liveliest time in the Greenland hut. Then the bright lamps are burning, the kettles and pots (made of soapstone) all steaming and boiling over each lamp, the women busily chatting at their work, and half-naked children running about on the warm reindeer skins on the ledge behind them. This is the scene going on before us. The seal-hunter has just arrived at home from after his day's toil on the sea, and while he is hanging up his lines, his

water-proof gloves, and other paraphernalia, a piece of skin is drawn forth from beneath the ledge and spread before him. Its contents, the small, dried fish called 'augmagsat,' he eats in silence, weary as he is. This is only a preliminary meal, an appetizing pastime, while the more substantial things over the lamp are getting ready—and it does not take long to boil seal-flesh. After the fish, he takes a draught from the water-pail behind the door. The skin curtain of the ledge hiding the mysteries of the lower regions, is once more drawn aside, and the skin with the remnants disappears behind it to join a host of the most heterogeneous articles. A good deal of talking, in the relating line, or in the chatting, prattling, merry-making style, is generally going on. What I remember most distinctly from my many visits and stays in the Greenland huts, are the stories and descriptions of the men relative to their sea adventures, accompanied by the most animated gestures, showing how the seal had first appeared, and then again dived down on his approaching it; how he (the hunter) had in his turn lingered behind till the animal, made incautious by the ensuing silence, again rose to the surface; and now the hunter, leaning back with a graceful movement, shows how he resolutely swept across a long surge, and came within reach of his mark, took aim, and threw his harpoon and bladder-float; how the wounded animal dived and again came to the surface, and so forth. In fact, he paints the scene with the most lively colors, as we all listened in rapt attention."

**GARIBALDI'S CANDLE FACTORY ON STATES ISLAND.**—European patriots have measured the world almost as much as true salts. The mariner quits his home in quest of trade and for the sake of gain and adventure; the politicians of Europe, who feel compelled to advocate democratic principles of government until very recent times, found their homes uncomfortable, and not unfrequently were forced to cross the great deep to find on our hospitable shores the freedom their own country denied them. Of all the great patriots of Europe, none excel in adventurous journeyings the "her-



mit of Caprera." Banished in 1834, he fought four years later in South America, for the Republic of Uruguay; and six years later still bled at Montevideo, and only two years after led his Italian legion to victory at San Antonio. The great revolutionary struggle of 1848 drove him home again, and in the May days of 1849, was first in the Eternal City to found the Roman Republic and defend her against the French Army. When superior force made defense impossible, we see him cutting his way out with the help of only a handful of men, and a short time after we encounter him at New York, a refugee from tyranny and injustice. He formed a house at Stapleton, Staten Island, with a compatriot and friend of his, Signor Antonio Meucci. This gentlemen still resides in the house where the illustrious revolutionist then made his home, and Meucci has finally been "interviewed," by one of our irrepressibles, who thus narrates his conquest in the *New York Times*:

"Signor Meucci I found to be a portly old gentleman, with white hair and beard, excepting where the national cigarette has tinged his mustache. He seemed at first a little loath to talk of his old friend; but at last, when he had worked around to a table and cigars, his full face flushed a little, and then relaxed with kindly loquacity, in spite of the broken English and French serving as a means of communication. He said:

"Salvi, the tenor, was my partner in a candle factory here where the brewery now stands, and Garibaldi worked with us."

"What wages did you pay him?"

"Ah," said he, with a slightly displeased shrug and wave of the hand, "I paid Garibaldi no wages; Garibaldi was my friend. He worked when he liked, to dissipate his *ennui*. He came here in 1851, after the revolution, without any money, and he lived here with me."

"How did he get along?"

"Our compatriots helped him; but he gave away as fast as he received. He was generous and democratic in every way. He used to fish off the dock at Clifton, or in a boat I owned. And we used to go hunting. Sometimes we went to the city, but he lived very quietly. Then, in 1853, he resumed his profession of seaman, and left here as Captain of the *Carman*, bound for China. He returned here in 1856, and stayed a month before he sailed for Italy. He writes me very often, and addresses me as Dear Boss. I will show you his hand."

"While the old gentleman went for the letters I examined a portrait of Garibaldi, painted in

Italy, that hung over the table. The sad eye, the face of a sweet feminine type, and a dreamy, uncertain smile, all seemed very winning, and equally surprising in a man who shook the world.

"You see," resumed my host, "his letters of ten years ago are in a firm, clear hand, but those of recent years are quite different; he is about seventy-seven years old now, and rheumatism makes him unsteady. Many people want his letters and offer me money for them, but you know such things can't be bought. Here is one of them that I will read you, for it shows how quick he is to hear the voice of an old friend."

"CAPRERA, 28 November, '76.

"*Mio Carissimo Principale*:

"I do not understand whether you wish a position in the Consulate. Write me at once what you want, and I will submit your application to the Minister. Thank you for the present of the beautiful barometer you sent. Un caro saluto alla Signora Ester.

"Dal sempre vostro,

"G. GARIBALDI.

"Now come, and I will show you his room."

"We went up-stairs to the north-east corner bedroom. There on the bed were several mementos of the leader.

"This," resumed Signor Meucci, "is the scarlet shirt he wore in the streets of Rome in the Revolution of 1848. This is a bronze medal that the Italians struck in his honor, and he sent it to me. This dagger, with a carved Mazeppa for the handle, he brought from Montevideo. Here is a cane of his. This is the room just as he used it."

"When we were seated again down stairs, I tried by every means to get some characteristic anecdote of the man, or some clew to his inner life while enduring exile in the frustration of his lofty and generous ambition. But my host did not give me so much as a crumb."

THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS. To estimate the enormous size of this pyramid, a traveler says he waded in the deep sand fourteen hundred feet before he had passed one of its sides, and between five and six thousand feet before he had made the circuit. Taking one hundred Boston churches of the ordinary width, and arranging them in a hollow square, twenty-five on a side, you would have scarcely the basement of the pyramid. Take another hundred and throw the material in the hollow square and it would not be full; pile on all the bricks and mortar in the city of New York, and the structure would not be so high and solid as this great work of man.

## LITERATURE.

THE long-promised, and somewhat patiently waited for, new hymn book of the Methodist Episcopal Church has at length been given to the public.\* Outwardly it is scarcely to be distinguished from its predecessor, nor would a hasty glancing through its pages detect any very marked differences, though in fact, the differences are not altogether inconsiderable. The changes made in the new work, as compared with its immediate forerunner, may be set down in three classes: (1.) A new classification by subjects; (2.) Omissions and additions; and, (3.) Revisals of the old hymns that are retained. In respect to the first, which must in the nature of the case be largely arbitrary, it would be difficult to decide whether or not the changes are improvements. It is quite possible to carry such a classification too far for utility; but we would not say that such an excess is here reached, though, at first sight, some things do appear rather fanciful than philosophical. But that will be a matter of very little consequence, when the new arrangement shall cease to be new. The omissions and additions are matters of very much more interest. It was judged to be quite undesirable by the committee to increase the size of the new book to any considerable extent beyond that of the old one (many persons believed that a large diminution might have been made with decided advantage), and therefore the omissions must be in quantity not less than the additions. This purpose has been very nearly reached, for while the old books had six hundred and eighty-four pages, not including the indexes, the new has just seven hundred. The real test of the comparative excellence of the two collections must be sought by comparative excellence of the matter excised from the old collection with the new matter brought into this one. And we think that most competent judges will agree that the change has been for the better rather than the worse. Of the more than three hundred hymns rejected from the old collection, very few were of much value as hymns for

public worship, though some of the rejected were quite as good and as available as the average of either the old or the new collection. About two-thirds of the hymns in the new book are the same that are in the old, of which the Wesleys, Watts, Cowper, and Doddridge are the principal authors. The newly admitted hymns are more "popular" than were the old; but in this case, as in many others, popularity is not a just criterion of merit. In the department of hymnology there has not risen any star of the first magnitude during the nineteenth century; indeed, the whole number of first-class hymn writers in the English language may be counted on the fingers of one hand. Second-class positions, however, must be conceded to a considerable number of our own age, as Montgomery (from whom our compilers have taken no less than forty-eight hymns), Bonar (11), Kelly (11), Faber (10), Heber (10), Ray Palmer (8), and Miss Anne Steele (18). Some of the pieces by these writers are of a high standard of excellence, and all of them make a decidedly respectable average. There are also some hymns of real merit by authors but little known to fame, and also, sometimes single ones, or two or three only are from authors well known in other departments of letters; while in some cases there is room to suspect that the reputations of the writers rather than any special merit in their productions have procured places for them. A compromise must have been made by the compilers in respect to two very widely different classes of hymns. We find a pretty liberal selection from the ancient hymnology of the Church, which is excellent for study and literary criticism, but not well adapted for use in public worship; and next we have a sprinkling of the modern revival songs and ditties, which are having a temporary popularity, but possess no real merit, and must soon be cast aside. Embodied in such a collection these fugitives will perhaps be carried down to a future generation, "like insects preserved in amber," if, indeed, they shall not act like the "dead flies" in the "ointment of the apothecary," and so render necessary another revision by which to get rid of them.

\*HYMNAL OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. New York: Nelson & Phillips. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. 16mo, 24mo. Pp. 776 (with Ritual, pp. 792). Pearl Edition, HYMNAL AND TUNES, 8vo and 12mo.

It is the fashion of the times to have big hymn-books, this one, like its immediate predecessor, being about the regulation size, ten to twelve hundred hymns, and six to eight hundred pages. The plea for such large books is that it is necessary in order to embody a proper amount of the psalmody of the language. But it is a doubtful policy to make a manual of devotion serve as a cyclopædia of devotional literature. The reading of devotional poetry is unquestionably a profitable exercise, but that is a service for which Church hymn-books are not intended. Should a congregation use all the hymns in this book in their order, using six each Sabbath, it would be nearly four years in the progress. But of the hymns of our large "hymnals" only about one-third are ordinarily used at all, and these with very unequal frequency. With only those most used do the people become acquainted, while the rest are made, bought, paid for, and carried as surplusage, not absolutely worthless, for they are sometimes read; and yet it may be a question whether that is the best way to get good reading into the hands of the people.

On the whole, we can heartily congratulate all concerned on the successful close of the work of providing a new "Hymnal" for the Church. Since it was decreed (whether wisely or not, in respect to which opinions differ) that a new book should be prepared and published, it is a matter of very great interest that it should be well done; and the finished work, now in hand, affords a comfortable assurance that no great loss (beyond the inconvenience and the cost of making it) will result from the exchange.

CYCLOPÆDIAS are the order of the day. It may be said, indeed, that they are a necessity of the time, since the range of subjects upon which an ordinarily well informed person needs to have a general knowledge is so wide that they can be studied only in epitomes. Accordingly, it is only fitting and proper that Methodism should have its Cyclopædia, since by no other means could its superabundant *memorabilia* be brought within tolerable limits. And the requirements in this case are now quite satisfactorily responded to in the shape of a volume of more than a thousand imperial octavo pages, well printed on good paper, and abundantly illustrated with por-

traits and views of churches and other edifices, all prepared under the editorial care of Bishop Simpson,\* and the various articles written by a great number of persons, chosen on account of their special adaptation to each subject. In the preparation of such a work the most important point, and the most difficult as well, is to decide what shall be admitted and what omitted, and the amount of room to be allotted to each subject. The size of the volume being limited by the nature of the case, which in this instance seems to have been stretched to the utmost, the first practical task is properly to distribute the possible space. While all would agree that, as respects both their selection and the space to be allowed to each, their relative importance should govern, probably no two would entirely agree in the practical application of such a rule. Of course the editor's point of view must largely affect his decisions, and as Bishop Simpson has been now, for half a century, in close contact with his own denomination, in whose operations he has himself been a prominent actor, and a not inconsiderable factor among its forces and agencies, the affairs and the persons of his own branch of Methodism would naturally stand most conspicuously in his field of vision. And yet so fully has the editor kept himself informed in respect to all other branches of American Methodism that each seems to have received a fair share of notice.

The work is very largely biographical; at a rough guess, we would say there must be two or three thousand names; and of course any one can have but a very narrow allotment; and, in this case, the space so allowed seems not to be any indication of the relative greatness of the subject detailed. Something of the character of a local gazetteer of Methodism is given in a brief statement of "its present statistics in each city or village of three thousand inhabitants." A good deal of attention is devoted to educational matter—institutions and enterprises—and also to foreign missions. The illustrations (wood-cuts, except two frontispieces on steel, respectively of Mr. Wesley

\* CYCLOPÆDIA OF METHODISM. Embracing Sketches of its Rise, Progress, and Present Condition, with biographical notices, and numerous illustrations. Edited by Matthew Simpson, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Philadelphia: Evarts and Stewart.

and the editor) are chiefly portraits, and views of edifices, churches, and schools. These are of widely differing degrees of merit, some decidedly good both as likenesses and as works of art, and others equally far from good in both particulars. We know something of the difficulties and perplexities of these things, and can freely sympathize with the editor and publishers in their vexations, on account of adverse criticisms, more cruel than unjust. Possibly, too, some little sympathy may be due to some of the subjects portrayed, which we also share.

In looking through this gallery of celebrities, one may naturally have the same feelings that somebody has fancied will be experienced by saved souls in heaven,—a wonder at finding some there who were not expected in such a company, and a still greater and more grievous surprise at the absence of some that had been most confidently expected. It was, perhaps, quite impossible that there should not be some rather remarkable mis-selections, and since no two independent judges would agree at all points in such a case, any possible arrangement would be liable to censure. It will scarcely be questioned, however, by any one, that among the many names here enrolled not a few are and must remain but little known, even in Methodist history, while some others who have well and ably filled important places are not named. Of the worthies of the old New York Conferences we find the names of the Bangses, Sandford, Jewett, and Kenneday; but miss those of their compeers, Ostrander, Rice, Richardson, and Floy. Of the worthies of New Jersey a fair showing is made of renowned names, of both the dead and the living; but among these are not found those of Manning Force, S. Y. Monroe, and John S. Porter. Selections from among the laity are more difficult to be made than of ministers; but to one who has known the laymen of a given locality for half a century, the insertions and omissions must seem to be as arbitrary as the old Calvinistic plan of election and reprobation. New York Methodists can not but wonder, after seeing that places have been found for some of the not most eminent of their laymen, that such names as those of Joseph Smith and Daniel Ayres and Francis Hall and William B. Skidmore, and those of Samuel and Schureman Halsted, of James H.

Taft, and C. C. North, are not there also. But after all, quite possibly, the list is about as well made out as the case would allow.

This volume, that now goes forth to the public, is, first of all, a monument of patient labor and painstaking industry, accomplishing an important work, on the whole, fairly satisfactorily. It is also a record of a great work done, and of wonderful results achieved.

THE second volume of the "History of the English People,"\*—the first volume was noticed by us two months since,—covering the periods of English history from A. D. 1461 to 1603, more than sustains the high character achieved by its predecessor. As the former volume was made up of four Books, this one begins with Book V, which is devoted to *The Monarchy*, and extends over a period of about eighty years (1461-1540), having as heads of its four chapters severally, "The House of York," "The Revival of Learning," "Wolsey," "Thomas Cromwell." Book VI, which fills more than three-fifths of the volume, is devoted to *The Reformation* (1540-1603), and though it deals freely with political affairs, is more especially occupied with ecclesiastical, socialistic, and literary matters. Most of this period was covered by the reign of Elizabeth, which is recognized as among the most fruitful of events that have projected their influences into the later life of the English nation. The facts of the Reformation, as that great revolution was wrought out during the reigns of the Tudors, have effectually determined the character and the after history of the English people, for both good and evil. The Wars of the Roses largely depopulated, and both impoverished and demoralized the kingdom, from which depression it slowly recovered under the blessings of comparative quiet and the return of industry and the revival of letters, with the able administrations of such consummate ministers of state as Wolsey and Thomas Cromwell. But the "Monarchy," which seems to the view of the superficial reader of the history of these times, to have been the whole of the England of that day, rested upon a teeming mass of heaving and surging life, which at length as-

\* HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. By John Richard Green, M. A. Volume II. *The Monarchy, 1461-1540. The Reformation, 1540-1603.* New York: Harper & Brothers.



serted itself in the upheavals of the Reformation, out of which came the England of the period that culminated and closed with the coming on of the great Parliamentary war, of which our author will have to treat in a future volume.

Mr. Green has evidently made good use of the original sources of information, which lie so abundant within easy reach; and he devotes an unusual amount of attention to the less conspicuous but not less important facts of private or non-political life—social orders, industries, learning, and the religion of the common people. It is indeed a history of the nation, the people, rather than simply a collection of political and military annals. And while he evidently means to be liberal, catholic, and especially non-partisan, yet he can not, perhaps would not, conceal his sympathies and sentiments, which seem to be those of a large-hearted and liberal Englishman.

In these times of financial distress and reduced prices, especially for real estate, house-building is nearly out of the fashion. But since there must be houses for people to live in, the "hardness" of the money-market may increase the demand for carefulness and economy in their construction. A well prepared manual on that subject is, therefore not out of place just now; and such a one we have in the elegant volume by Mr. H. H. Holly, just now issued by Harpers.\* Since nearly every man who is at all able to do so, tries his hand at house-building, and since every mechanic deems himself competent to play the architect, a popular treatise on the subject, written in very plain and non-technical language, and describing buildings of moderate cost and pretensions, is demanded to meet a public necessity. This little treatise of Mr. Holly very well answers to all these requirements. Could it be thoroughly examined by any who may be about to engage in the perils of house-building, it might save him some altogether needless expenses, and also vastly increase the capacity of his dwelling for both elegance and convenience, matters as to which many unne-

\*MODERN DWELLINGS, in Town and Country, Adapted to American Wants and Climate; With a Treatise on Furniture and Decoration. By H. Hudson Holly. With one hundred original Designs, comprising Cottages, Villas, and Mansions. New York: Harper & Brothers. Square 16mo. Pp. 219.

essarily expensive American houses are sadly defective.

THE evening time of a long and active life, especially if blessed with a comfortable condition of mind and estate, is apt to be retrospective, and often it is not less fruitful than earlier times. Dr. Nehemiah Adams, of Boston, having reached that time of life, accompanied with these favorable conditions, is well and wisely giving to the public, through the press of D. Lothrop & Co., some of his later productions. First we have "At Eventide,"† a collection of fifteen sermons, delivered from his Boston pulpit, and marked by the well-known characteristics of his productions, clearness, force, and evangelical orthodoxy. This Dr. Adams used to be distinguished from his New York namesake, Dr. William Adams, by the sobriquet, "Southside," and a single vestige of his southsidedness is seen in this volume, in the fact that its publication was solicited by the ministers of Charleston, South Carolina (not including the minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church), where these discourses had been repeated by the venerable author, during a Winter's sojourn in that city. We can heartily concur in the appreciation of their value, expressed in the prefixed letter. They make a good book.

Next we have his little work on "Endless Punishment,"‡ written some years ago for a Universalist paper, argumentative, and somewhat polemical in substance, but carefully avoiding every thing like a controversial form of discussion. Its appearance at this juncture is eminently timely, and the work is all the more valuable, because it was prepared, not to meet a special demand, but to assert and defend a great religious truth.

OF the same family with the foregoing, though by another author, is the little volume‡ made up of seven discourses, each founded on one of our Lord's utterances, while hanging on the

\*AT EVENTIDE. Discourses by Nehemiah Adams, D. D., Senior Pastor of Union Church, Boston. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 16mo. Pp. 278. \$1.00.

†ENDLESS PUNISHMENT. Scriptural Arguments for, and Reasonableness of, Future Endless Punishment. By Nehemiah Adams, D. D. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 16mo. Pp. 168. \$1.00.

‡THE SEVEN WORDS FROM THE CROSS. By William H. Adams, Pastor of Circular Church, Charleston, South Carolina. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 18mo. Pp. 146. \$1.00.

cross. The subject matter of all these discourses is the Atonement, showing what it is; its efficacy for Penitent Sinners, and for Believers; its Price; Extent; Consummated; and Triumphant. Under these several heads, the writer succeeds in bringing forward most of the chief points of the great doctrine of Atonement, which he neither seeks to minify nor explain away.

HARPER & BROTHERS having carried their "Library of Select Novels"—paper-covered octavos—up to more than six hundred volumes, have now begun two new series, both similar, but still unlike their predecessor. First, they announce the "Library of American Fiction," "devoted exclusively to works of American authors." Of this series we have the first and second numbers—"Esther Pennefather," by Alice Perry, and "Justine's Lover," anonymous. They are large octavos, of one hundred and seventy-five and one hundred and five pages respectively, thoroughly well-made books, in stiff paper covers. The publishers' promise that "only works of a very high order of literary merit will be placed on the list" will be interpreted by the performance, which is not especially assured by what has already

appeared. There is just now a 'plethora of second and third class writers of fiction, chiefly women, who are willing to work cheap, and there is a corresponding number of readers of fiction, almost utterly without taste, and perfectly omnivorous, and between these two classes publishers find their account in the production of such works as these.

Next, they propose a new series, to be called the "Franklin Square Library," to consist of novels, usually reprints of foreign authors, in the form of folded newspapers, without covers, imperial octavo pages, with three broad columns to the page. The specimen number contains Anthony Trollope's "Is He Popenjoy?" which has been running as a serial in several periodicals. This series will probably rank higher than the other; and as they are offered at the nominal price of fifteen cents each, and because they may be readily sent by mail, they will probably have a large sale. They seem to be designed only for temporary use, to be read and then thrown aside, or used for waste-paper, rather than to encumber the shelves of the library.

Number sixty-six of the "Half-hour Series" contains *Reaping the Whirlwind*, by Mary Cecil Hay. Pp. 110.

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## EX CATHEDRA.

### DEATH OF EARL RUSSELL.

On a morning in the last week of May, the newspapers announced the death of Earl Russell, which had occurred the day before. To the mass of newspaper readers the fact announced seemed not to differ from the ordinary current of events, especially as the deceased nobleman had attained to a very ripe old age. To those well informed respecting affairs in Europe, and especially in Great Britain, for the last half-century, it was the announcement of the departure of a great historical character, who had, however, survived his own activities, and had seen the world drift past him. To the few whose own personal recollections go back over that half-century it calls up a great many stirring and important affairs, in the process of which the government, laws, and usages of Great Britain have been very largely modified, in fact, revolutionized, so that the

British Constitution of to-day is quite another than that of fifty years ago. And it will also be recollected by those veterans of other times that not only did these changes occur during the life-time of the now deceased statesman, but that he himself was a chief actor in bringing them to pass. His biography, when duly written, which can not be separated from the history of his country during the period of his public life, will constitute a history of Great Britain during one of its chief transition periods.

The house of Russell, of which the deceased earl was one of the side branches—the direct line is held by the Dukes of Bedford—is among the oldest of the English aristocracy. Soon after the Norman Conquest, its founder, Roselle of Normandy, settled in Dorsetshire, where his descendants are still the chief land-owners. In the reign of Henry VIII the then head of

the family had the good fortune, if such it may be called, to attract the attention and receive the favor of that monarch, who created him a peer of the realm, and in the subsequent spoliation of the monasteries Mr. Russell came in for a large share of the forfeited lands. He must have been a man of rare qualities, and possessed of unusual facilities for adapting himself to his circumstances, for he continued in favor not only to the end of the life-time of that capricious monarch, but also through the subsequent reigns of Edward and Mary, and far into that of Elizabeth. His oldest son and successor in the earldom was the famous Lord William Russell (so-called), who suffered death with Algernon Sidney, martyrs to the cause of liberty. That event, however, rather elevated than depressed the fame of the family, and made the name of Russell one of the proudest of the English nobility.

The now deceased nobleman was the third son of the sixth duke of Bedford, to which order of nobility the Russells had been raised. At the time of his birth, his father was a lord only by courtesy, being a younger brother of the then living duke. But that nobleman died without a direct heir, and so the younger brother succeeded him, and thus his hitherto untitled sons became lords by courtesy, though still only commoners, and Lord John, as a younger son, not likely ever to be any thing else. Like most others of the Russells, the future statesman was educated at Westminster, but, for some cause, instead of going to one of the English universities to complete his studies he went to Edinburgh, where he enjoyed the advantages of the celebrated professors of the institution, at that time Dugald Stewart, Thomas Brown, and others of scarce inferior renown. After leaving the university he traveled extensively on the Continent, during two or three years. On attaining to his majority, he entered Parliament as member for Tavistock, a constituency then held by his family as a kind of "pocket" borough.

The time of his entry upon public life was not only a critical one, but also specially adapted both to his tastes and his capabilities. The abuses of the Parliamentary representative system had become simply monstrous, and they were beginning to be felt and acknowledged to be intolerable. Lord Russell's associations and recognized opinions, united to his birth

and his well-known capacity, soon brought him to the front as the advocate of reform. Among the first points of attack were the abuses of the representation, though at the same time his own constituency was itself an instance of the complained of abuses. But the case seemed an almost hopeless one, since the House of Commons, through which the asked for reform must come, was largely made up of men who held their places through these abuses. The leaders of this crusade were Earl Grey, Lord Apthorpe, and "Lord John," as Russell was called for nearly forty years of his public life. In 1830, he brought forward resolutions in favor of reform, which were rather summarily negatived by a vote of nearly two to one in the affirmative. Not at all daunted, the next year he introduced the first Reform Bill, and as the whole kingdom had become agitated by the movement, it passed to the second reading by a majority of one, when the Whig ministry, that had opposed it, resigned, and dissolved the Parliament. The new House of Commons passed the bill by a decided majority, but it was rejected by the Lords with equal emphasis. The whole kingdom was convulsed, and the most violent riots prevailed in many parts, destroying the estates of the recusant nobles and bishops, and offering all sorts of indignities to their persons. But the Lords were not to be coerced, and at the next session they refused to pass even a modified Reform Bill. Then Earl Grey resigned the premiership, and the Duke of Wellington undertook the task of conducting affairs; but he found more than a Waterloo to contend against, and after ten days Earl Grey again assumed the helm of State, and on June 10, 1834, the Reform Bill became a law—a work due to no other man so largely as to Lord John Russell.

Some faint recollections of those times remind us that the Lords were brought to terms by a somewhat peculiar process. It is known that the members of the upper House of Parliament hold their places in their own rights, and therefore seem to be independent of all interference. But since the creation of additional peers is a royal prerogative, which is virtually exercised by the "Government," the composition of that house is not at its own disposal, and by a liberal disposition of patents of nobility, the party in power in the Commons may at any time create for itself a majority in

the House of Lords. This, if our recollection serves us, was not only threatened, but also in part executed, in the creation of some thirty new peers, with the assurance that more would be forthcoming if needed, at whose advent among them the Lords surrendered.

From 1832 till 1861, Lord John was nearly all the time a member of the "Government," a part of the time as Premier, and during most of this time a system of organic reforms on the laws and administration of the kingdom was carried forward. First came the Municipal Reform Act. After this came the Encumbered Estates Act (relating chiefly to Ireland). After these were his measures for the admission of Jews into Parliament, which, after being once or twice defeated by the Lords, succeeded at last. By a comprehensive system of legislation, the whole spirit and purport of British law were so liberalized, that without sweeping away the traditional privileges of special orders in society the common and natural rights of all men, whether civil or religious, were guaranteed to every British subject in the United Kingdom. Under the first of these acts complete liberty of faith and worship was accorded to all classes, and from that date the equal right of Dissenter, as British subjects, is conceded and guaranteed.

After nearly forty years of actual, though at times divided, leadership in the House of Commons, Lord John Russell, the first Commoner in the Kingdom, accepted, at the hands of his sovereign, a patent of nobility, and, as "Earl Russell," took his seat in the House of Lords. A similar offer had been made to Sir Robert Peel, and declined, and not a few of Russell's admirers thought at the time that he had made a mistake, and subsequent events have not changed that opinion. With his "elevation" to the peerage the brilliant career of the great commoner ended; and his later twenty years have added nothing to his renown.

Lord Russell is an eminently favorable specimen of the Englishman of the nineteenth century. For more than seven hundred years his family has been a distinguished one in the kingdom; and, to-day, they show no signs of decay,—a fact that does not conform to our ultra democratic fancy, that noble houses are doomed to decay and extinction. The love of liberty seems to have been inwrought into the

life and blood of the Russells, and ever and anon, in the course of history, some member of the family stands forth as its champion, whether as a martyr or a successful advocate. To occupy this historical place was the rare privilege, which he well employed, of the now deceased statesman.

But the proudest day in all his eventful life-time was that when only a very short time before his death, on the fiftieth anniversary of the repeal of the Test and Corporation act, a large and highly respectable deputation of the Dissenting Churches of the kingdom came to congratulate and thank him for his services to the cause of religious liberty, especially in his connection with the passage of that act. In respect to that affair the *Saturday Review*, not an extreme Liberal surely, among other things, says:

"At the age of eighty-six Lord Russell can look back to the day when, fifty years ago, he had the glory of carrying the repeal of the Test and Corporation acts; and a deputation of those who, or whose fathers, have most benefited by his exertions have waited on him to profess the gratitude and respect which this remote passage in his history awakes in their minds. The bulk of the English public would also be quite ready to testify its feelings in favor of Lord Russell as the apostle of religious liberty were it not that religious liberty has become so familiar to all Englishman that it is hard to realize a state of things when it did not exist. That the Church can thrive, and thrive much better, without excluding members of other communions from their fair share in political and municipal life, has sunk from a discovery into a truism. . . . Fortunately for his fame, Lord Russell associated himself more conspicuously and more successfully than any one else with its establishment. He has associated his name with the passing of great measures, and, therefore, even fifty years after the time of his first triumph, the memory of his services is still green. In the conduct and passing of these measures he displayed many high qualities—courage, tenacity, and a hearty genuineness of conviction. He believed in himself and his cause; and his high social position, his power in debate, and his command over his followers, gave him a force which prevented any cause he espoused from being lightly treated."